

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME LIV.

No. 3525 January 27, 1912

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VOL. CCLXXII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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ROMANCE.

As I came down the Highgate Hill,
The Highgate Hill, the Highgate Hill,
As I came down the Highgate Hill

I met the sun's bravado,
And saw below me, fold on fold,
Gray to pearl, and pearl to gold,
This London like a land of old,
The land of eldorado.

Oh Drake he was a sailor bold,
And Frobisher, Sir Walter, too,
But ne'er they saw so rich a realm

As this that lay before us,
Methinks they strode beside me still,
Blood of my blood, down Highgate Hill,
Methinks they felt the self-same thrill
And sang the self-same chorus.

And Keats he joined us half-way down
Keats the chemist, Keats the clerk,
Oh Keats he joined us half-way down,
And laughed our lusty laughter.
And hailed with us the far lagoons,
The mystic groves, the hid doubloons,
And all the passionate, splendid noons
And the feasts that fall thereafter,

As arm in arm down Highgate Hill,
Down Highgate Hill, down Highgate
Hill,

As arm in arm down Highgate Hill,

We met the sun's bravado.
And saw below us, fold on fold,
Gray to pearl, and pearl to gold,
Our London, like a land of old,
The land of eldorado.

H. H. Bushford.

The Spectator.

THE DEARTH OF SONG.

The darkness deepens on the dim-lit
shore;

The mountains hide their glory in the
shade;

The notes we heard are mute, and
nevermore

Pipe the glad voices thro' the forest
glade:

The pall of Silence on the earth is laid;
Nor longer do we hear the Songs of
yore;

We list no carolling of man or maid:
Yet shall some future day our joy re-
store.

Soon, soon the Night shall pass, and
on the wing

The lark soar upward thro' the
golden air;

Soon shall the throistle and the mavis
sing,

Warbling their love-notes from each
leafy lair;

And while amid the pines the light
winds sigh,

Spirit of Poesy! thou shalt not die.

Samuel Waddington.

LONDON WIND.

The wind blows, the wind blows
Over the ocean far—

But oh, it has forgot the waves

And the isles where the penguins
are!

The wind blows, the wind blows
Over the forest wide—

But oh it has forgot the shade

And the dells where the hunted hide!

The wind blows, the wind blows
Over the houses high—

The paper whirls in the dusty street,
And the clouds are atoss in the sky!

Laurence Alma Tadema.

DAYS TOO SHORT.

When primroses are out in Spring.

And small, blue violets come be-
tween;

When merry birds sing on boughs
green,

And rills, as soon as born, must sing;

When butterflies will make side-leaps,
As though escaped from Nature's
hand

Ere perfect quite; and bees will
stand

Upon their heads in fragrant deeps;

When small clouds are so silvery
white

Each seems a broken rimmed moon—
When such things are, this world too
soon,

For me, doth wear the veil of Night.

William H. Davies.

The English Review.

THE SOCIAL ENGLISH.

The general drift of these remarks will be extremely comfortable and pleasant and friendly, but a few reproving criticisms must occur in the course of them. I am told, and believe, that a critic of painting or music should be able to paint a little or play the piano, but he need not necessarily do it well. Everyone who lives in the world at all must have manners good or bad, but the critic of manners need not be assumed to approve of his own. Indeed, it is likely that the person more than usually keen to observe manners, being more than usually sensitive, should commit many faults of his own, from the acuteness of his feelings or from the over-subtlety of his efforts to study other people's. He will be more easily rebuffed, and, in consequence, silent or awkward, he will appear heartless to the less sensitive from fear of touching on what is painful, and so forth. For my part, I awake miserable in the night from some reminiscent dream of clumsy or offensive acts or words of mine, and I do not know that I can make that excuse. There is always something of a boomerang about criticism of manners, but now no reader is justified in assuming any odious self-complacency in me, no acquaintance in turning an ironical eye on me when next we meet. I am only a critic.

I do not propose to contradict Matthew Arnold. Much of what he observed in our life generally as hideous and base is unfortunately much the same. We revel in stupid murders, and some time ago the "Life Story" of a wretched girl accused of complicity in one of them was advertised, written by her wretched father or mother, as the great attraction of a popular paper. My theme is a much narrower one, being only the English as they ap-

pear in the manners and talk of their social life. Even so it might well fill a big book, or a row of big books, for that matter. But since those books will never be written by me I may as well set down the notes which reading and a rather widely varied experience have suggested to me, even though they be rather outlines or headings for a more elaborate study than the study itself.

It is my belief that our manners are more agreeable and easy than they have ever been, are indeed distinctly civilized, and a credit to us generally. It would be, of course, a hopeless attempt to prove this conclusively and directly. One cannot quote a number of agreeable remarks and contrast them with less agreeable conversations preserved for us, and if one could the method would be fallacious. What I propose to do is to examine the causes which I think have produced the changes for the better in which I believe, to show how probable it is they should have produced such changes, and invite you to recollect your reading in memoirs and novels and plays of manners, and look about you and compare. I think you will then agree with me. We shall ramble about a good deal, excusably, I hope, since this article is a collection of notes and not a scientific treatise, and we shall dive now and then beneath the surface of appearances, and possibly—for this is my ambition—bring back with us a little pearl worth finding, a suggestion, to wit, for the quality in our social civilization which distinguishes it from others, and for which, if we are to be overwhelmed and perish, the world would do well to mourn our disappearance. I see in fancy an arching of foreign eyebrows, but let the for-

eign reader bear with me to the end.

Let me first remove one obstacle to belief. Old people very often tell us that manners were better when they were young, and we, observing what charming manners the old people themselves have, are apt to think they must be right. It is an illusion. Old people have good manners because they are old, not because their manners were better than ours when they were young. They are no longer obsessed as are young people with their own passions and ambitions, and they have learned tolerance and to be merely amused by extravagant opinions, or if they have not, their prejudices sit prettily on them. In every generation it is a common saying that manners have grown worse, and it is absurd to ask us to believe that they have progressively deteriorated since the days when people called one another bad names, and fought on the spot over a difference of opinion. Old people, too, are often referring to a different standard or principle, as when they complain of a lack of reverence in children towards their elders, not observing that the spirit of comradeship may be just as good a thing as the spirit of discipline. As an ageing person myself, I think it far more agreeable, and trust that my age at least will never be revered. But let us now get into the thick of the main subject.

Manners are of the head and the heart. Perfect manners can be only of both, because occasions there must be in social life when the heart is not a sufficient guide. A clever person with little or no heart may be better mannered as a rule if he takes pains than a good-natured person with little or no head; but when he falls, as he is pretty sure to fall some time, his selfishness or irritation betraying him, he falls with a thud. Indeed, it is curious to observe how often very clever

people, with every reason to conciliate those about them, offend from sheer bad nature, indifference to others' feelings, or brutal aggressiveness, whereas, when your clumsy, well-meaning fellow goes wrong, nobody who is not both fool and prig really minds, and one loves him the more after his apology, which usually makes the blunder worse. Now, I am sorry to say I cannot pretend for a moment that we English have been gaining in intelligence. The evidence is too sadly strong the other way. We are not what we were in matters for which we once had a special aptitude, and do please, look, though only for the briefest moment, at the mental quality of our popular papers and novels. Consequently it is improbable, to say the least, that examples of exquisite fine breeding should be more frequent than they were. That must be, say what you will, an affair partly of intelligence, of quick perception, imagination, the gift of the right word, with something of humor added, if our enjoyment is to be complete. I may say that the examples I know are nearly all of men, and somebody says that intellect is a male specialty: I would rather say that intellect in a woman is apt to be a little too conscious and proud of itself. I have read in the ingenious Mr. Chesterton that all men have bad manners except those under the immediate influence of women, who are the exemplars and guardians of manners, and I think he is altogether wrong. They may take it as an *amonde* (or they may not—I am not at all sure) that the most perfect manners known to me are possessed by a woman, but she also has very rare gifts of perception and humor. Such fineness of breeding, however, in woman or man, must be rare, just as fine painting or poetry is rare, and moreover it needs some hard trial of circumstance before it can be surely

known; it is rare now, and I think it always was rare. It is not the theme of this article, which deals with a more average matter—the pleasant manners which are all the better for some intelligence, but are mainly based on friendliness and kindness. And it is quite certain that we English are a kinder people than we were. That is proved by many things. The worst blot on our history is the treatment of factory-workers, especially of women and children, in the beginning of our industrial prosperity; the treatment may be hard still, but it is no longer inhuman. Our care for the sick and old, and our attitude to prisoners and offenders against the law prove the change. Our tenderness and solicitude for children run into an unwholesome worship of them here and there, but think of the unfortunate "Fairchild family"! Every middle-aged person must have noticed the disappearance of brutality in our dealings with the other animals. Without any doubt at all we are kinder all round. There are observers who say that we are softer all round, and that this kindness is but the agreeable side of it, the other being loss of courage and endurance and manhood. "When Britain set the world ablaze, in good King George's glorious days," we were harsher and hardier.

Well, we may be softer, and if so, it is a pity, but that has nothing to do with kindness, for in civilized peoples the bravest men are nearly always the gentlest. In any case we are kinder, and it is inevitable that the fact should appear in our ordinary social intercourse. And surely and obviously it does so. Do but remember not only the rows and scimmages of olden days, but the rude encounters of the "wits" in more recent times, the incessant effort to "score" at any cost to somebody else's feelings. The idea of social intercourse seems to have

been a hostile encounter or competition; it is now, or is becoming, as it should be, an occasion merely of mutual pleasure. If the "art of conversation," which is alleged to be dead, involved necessarily all the competitive rudeness and snubbing of which one reads, the monologues and breezes, I should rejoice at its decease, but, of course, it did not necessarily involve them. One who was considered, and rightly, as of the very best talkers of our time, was remarkable, even more than for his own wit, for the skilful sympathy with which he appealed to and drew out the previously silent: he is dead, alas! but he would be only middle-aged were he still with us. That is the true model, and I think it is followed unconsciously more often than it was. And even when there is no occasion for it, when there is no predominant wit but everyone is talking, well or not, happily together, I would rather by far be of that company than of one when the most brilliant talker you like was exercising his wit at the expense of a butt who did not enjoy it. Would not you also? The mere monologist, however clever, is universally voted a bore among us: the wit who wanted to crush people, like Samuel Rogers, we simply would not tolerate. All this is because we are kinder, and whether it means that we are less brilliant or not, it certainly means that we are better-mannered.

This point is as good as another at which to dispose of the objection that our conversation is rough because it is so full of chaff and slang. It really is not an absolute rule that formality and punctilio imply good manners. There are occasions, no doubt, when these are necessary, and when chaff would be offensive, but they are rare, happily, and the occasions are more numerous when formality would be even more offensive, because it would be unfriendly. You must pass this

truism, because it may serve to correct a vague but prevalent idea, that various societies we read of which had more forms and ceremonies than ours therefore had better manners. The contemporary English might be the better, perhaps, for a little more ceremony in public: a little more hat-raising, for instance, when men enter a shop served by women, or enter a restaurant, would do them no harm. But the ceremonies of our ancestors often went with a good deal of rudeness. In the old plays, where everyone was everyone else's humble servant, what rude things they said! And gentlemen who were always sweeping their hats with a profound bow not infrequently dashed them in one another's faces. Formality, like familiarity, may be well or ill timed. But assuredly chaff is, at its best, the salt of conversation. It is a mistake to suppose that it is a modern invention, because it is a natural human instinct among friends, and one finds it scattered everywhere in history. You find it in Plato's dialogues, in the letters to George Selwyn, in the jokes of the Regency—where it was very poor and coarse. It is the accusers of our manners, however, who allege that it distinguishes our time especially, and we will accept their allegation. The more chaff of the right sort the better, say I. It bridges gaps in acquaintance, it produces an atmosphere of intimacy more quickly than anything else, and even when it is barren it fills with a fair appearance the place of the wit which is lacking. Like everything else, it may be used excessively, and it is a bore when some of us would argue seriously; but that is a defect of intelligence, not of manners. So with slang. Slang is a bore when people will use the same word or phrase of it to express anything, but there again it is intelligence, not manners, that is at fault. Slang

in itself, which most often is simply a new or revived metaphor, seems to me rather preferable as an ornament of speech to the oaths of our ancestors, though I am no pronounced enemy of oaths, either. Here, again, I am set off at a tangent, like Sterne, and would there were more resemblances!—in regard to oaths. Swearing is said to be an occasionally offensive feature of modern manners, being used, that is, when it should not be used. If that be true I fancy the explanation to be this. Among themselves our males—I hope I do not offend my associates—do not object to strong language when they know one another fairly well. They avoid it instinctively in the society of ladies. But some ladies, in these days, like their ancestresses, do not object to it either, and even use it themselves, and then, of course, there are no bad manners in the men who swear within limits, because nobody is annoyed. The male mind, however, may grow confused by this license and lose its instinctive restraint in the matter, and so an occasional stray word may be dropped unawares and unfortunately. The same explanation may apply to a story or joke offensive to the propriety of the last generation, and told to an unhappily chosen audience in this. One hears such a complaint now and then. But I do not think such things often happen, and they are but a small affair. . . . Less formality on the one side, more chaff and slang on the other, what does it all mean but that as our social civilization improves strict rules are found less needful, and natural fun and emphasis can have freer play? Chaff and slang make for ease and friendliness, and these, after all, are the basis of good manners.

In this connection there may as well be a separate paragraph about the manners of the young and adolescent. I have just read again an essay of Mr.

Max Beerbohm, in which he attacks quite bitterly the manners of contemporary young women. Well, I am some years older than he, and have arrived at a time of middle life at which one is not apt to be a harsh critic of young women. I am sure, however, that he is far happier in the company of contemporary girls than he would have been with those of 1820, whose manners he eulogizes so wistfully. In one respect I agree with him. It is a pity that the teaching of a graceful deportment should have gone out of fashion—I mean in the matter of moving and sitting, and so forth. I have in mind a lady who was taught those arts by Taglioni, and whose movements certainly shame the girls of the period. But when it comes to conversation the girls of this period, being more individual and articulate, are a world more interesting than those of a hundred years ago, who would have bored Mr. Beerbohm to death, and I question if their manners are not better also. They are sometimes too brusque and downright: that is a fault of self-conceit, and theirs is more respectable than their ancestresses, because it comes from a good opinion of their own wits and perceptions, and not from infallible maxims and views laid down for them. Downrightness, too, shows interest. I would far rather that a girl who disagreed with me were to say, as nowadays she might say, "Oh, that's frightful rot!" and proceed to argue vehemently, than that she should give me a frigid "Indeed! I fear I cannot agree with you," and change the subject. The former, in my opinion, would be the better mannered of the two. As for the very young men, Mr. Beerbohm rightly condemns their slouching and inattention to appearances, which compulsory military service, as I hope, will cure in them. I do not find anything to complain of in their attitude to my-

self; rather the contrary, indeed, since it seems to me less aloof and retiring than ours was twenty years ago, to men of my age. Mr. Beerbohm arraigns their casual carriage towards girls of their own age, but I will explain how that happens, and why he should be easy about it, a little later; there is a more creditable reason than the numerical preponderance of women in England to which he is driven. We must now go back to the causes.

The increasing kindness and humanity of the English, then, I take to be the chief cause, perhaps, of their greater ease and amiability in society. That is a good cause, and operates altogether in a good manner. There is another cause which may be good or bad, but which operates sometimes through the less fine qualities of poor humanity. I refer to the ever greater fluidity of our classes, which is a commonplace of social observation. We are mixed up socially every day with greater and greater freedom. It is true that certain gloomy observers see emerging from our economic circumstances a plutocracy which will form a real caste. I hope that will not happen, and as I am not dealing with the future, I may disregard the possibility. What the manners of such an avowed plutocracy would be like I do not know, and with all my optimism would rather not guess. M. Anatole France's prophecies in his *Iles des Pingouins* were not encouraging. For the present, if we are governed by a plutocracy it is good enough to mask its authority in social intercourse, and does not prevent the fluidity of classes I spoke of. Now, in a rigid caste system the manners of each caste may be good within itself, and are less likely to be good as between caste and caste. The family party—I had written "happy family," but what with its duels and divorces it was hardly that—

the family party which formed the English aristocracy in Horace Walpole's or Charles Fox's time was certainly easy, and was very tolerably amiable, I should think, in its internal manners; the country gentry were rather rough; the middle classes were stiff and dull, as until lately they remained; the lower orders were distressingly brutal. The manners of superior caste to inferior caste I am sure were of an extreme arrogance and patronage on the whole. Well, these distinctions have been continuously losing their significance, though convenience still enforces the invidious use of them in writing. The aristocracy has still much power, but it is also partly an element of the plutocracy and partly an illusion; nobody could perform the tiresome task of defining the middle classes; the lower orders, bad as their economic condition is often, have often, also, scant cause to envy those who aforetime were their immediate superiors, and so far as social life goes, do gain something from the lip homage paid to equality. And the whole thing is being mixed up, though social distinctions remain more rigid in the lower than in the higher strata. Now, when these classes first began to mingle there must have been a great deal of patronizing manner and conceit, and giving of airs on one side, and a great deal of unsocial watchfulness and degrading servility on the other. Snob-bishness in any ordinary sense is impossible in a rigid caste system: it gets its head when the barriers are broken down. As time has gone on, however, I see, comparing one thing with another, a great improvement. Partly kindness and humanity, as I said, but partly a reason less noble—decreasing power and stability on one side, increasing *possibility* of power on the other. Let me illustrate. When, fifty years ago or so, an average duke

made the acquaintance of an unknown Mr. Smith, I am sure his manner, however affable, was patronizing to an extent which would be extremely unpopular now, while Mr. Smith was generally diffident and obsequious in a degree which made pleasant intercourse impossible. But the average duke to-day is aware, I feel pretty sure, that dukes are not quite what they were, that he is in a way on his trial, and had best be conciliatory on the whole; while this unknown Mr. Smith may turn out to be a remarkably important fellow. The wide and constantly changing mixture involves much ignorance about chance acquaintances. Smith, on his side, is not awed as his predecessor was, to begin with, and then if, unlike you and me, he has not humanity enough to take his duke simply, without worrying about the dukedom, he is probably anxious above all things—thanks to the anti-snob satirists—to dissimulate his snobbishness, and if he makes a mistake it is probably in the direction of an inverted snobbishness, of a too easy familiarity. So here and in a thousand like cases qualities not the noblest in us work on the whole for a comfortable sociality. Of course I know that the worst manners on the face of the earth belong to those successfully aspiring snobs who are short-sighted enough to slight their old acquaintances, or to snobs who are afraid that too great intimacy, or even association, with people (infinitely their betters, very likely) not in favor with the common world may prejudice their own miserable ambitions. But these, I sincerely hope and believe, are rare exceptions whom a more enlightened community will merely push into a lethal chamber on the first offence. On the whole, when snob-bishness is at all illuminated by intelligent self-interest it works for conciliation and bonhomie in the sphere

of manners. . . . In the mixture of classes, again, manners have filtered down, inevitably, and those of the upper classes used certainly to be better, because more natural and less embarrassed, than those of the classes technically beneath them. There are people who are annoyed by a lack of deference toward them in shops and so forth. I cannot sympathize with them, and I believe that real dignity seldom falls of respect. The manners of class to class, not only in equal social intercourse, but in all the occasions of service, are infinitely more agreeable than they were. Even the suddenly enriched learn by observation that a *de haut en bas* manner to waiters and shopkeepers is not the best. And what young man of fashion would dream in these days of calling his valet "scoundrel" and "rascal," as was the common custom aforetime if we believe the books and plays? I am told that in this respect, at least, of our attitude towards technical inferiors, we much-criticized English may be favorably compared with some peoples abroad. That a real democracy exists anywhere may be doubted. But an apparent democracy by making for a common form in manners tends vastly to improve them—when there is a good model for imitation, which fortunately we English have possessed.

This slight comparison brings me to one of greater significance, to that dive below the surface of which I spoke at the beginning, to the pearl I fondly hope may be found there. The English, I truly believe, have "rounded Cape Turk" at last, or at least the best of them have done so, and if that is the fact indeed, then surely our English civilization has achieved something of its own. There is the Mussulman attitude to women. I have no quarrel with it; travellers have told me that it promotes the greatest happiness of the greatest number; I dare

say it does. There is the attitude of chivalry, or of idealized chivalry. I have no quarrel with that either when it is genuine, for then it is a beautiful thing. As an attitude of a man to a woman there may be found in it the deepest happiness known to us, our strongest instincts and our least petty and selfish qualities of the spirit working together. I count him wise who worships what he finds kindest and sanest and finest in humanity; I count him most happy if he finds that in a woman; I count the cynic who calls him the mere dupe of sex a fool. But that attitude I praise as one of a man to a woman, the fruit of deep and intimate experience, and only so can it be approved by sense as well as sentiment. As an attitude of men to women generally it is rarely genuine, and then it is a beautiful folly; it is more often a sham, and one remembers that when the sentimental worship of women was most popular with us the usage of women in factories was most vile. There is a third attitude, that professed by modern Western civilization, as to beings free to think and act for themselves, and worthy of attention on equal terms. It does not exclude the saner chivalry, and the man, happy in knowing one woman whose welfare is more to him than his own, to whom he is in a real sense devoted, is precisely the man who most easily can treat the other women of his world in a vein of rational friendship and acquaintance, with no perpetual obsession of their sex. The road of progress which Western life has followed in regard to women may be in one sense a return, if we believe the story of their position in the Germanic tribes of old, may be a re-assertion of our racial spirit after its centuries-long thralldom to alien influences and authority. St. Paul—I trust I may mention the fact without offence—was an Asiatic. In

any case we have followed that road for a long time now, and it is futile to hope for a return: there is the stationary Eastern ideal, and there is the moving Western: we must take one or the other.

In other countries as well as in England this road has been followed, and I do not know that ours is distinguished by any wise lead in respect to material equalities and opportunities for women. That subject is beset with the gravest difficulties, and fortunately it is quite beside my purpose to discuss it. If women should have votes, if they should hold importantly responsible positions, if wives should labor in factories—these questions let others dispute. They are doing so with much heat, and as it seems to me, with much disposition to ignore the essential: I agree with the "advanced" party in some respects, disagree in others, as my customary fate is in most discussions. My special point is that in social life, in the attitude of men to women as they talk and take their social pleasures together, we English have gone, and gone wisely, beyond the other peoples of the West in a sincere respect and friendliness which has nothing to do with sex. I mean that the most amiable of us accept and show that we accept our women friends on their merits as social creatures simply. Heaven forbid I should affirm that we have abolished the indirect consequences of sex. Most miserable then were we to have lost so much of the savor and fun of life. For my part I should think most of the charm of social life gone if I ceased to prefer a reasonably attractive woman as a companion to a man of equal conversational gifts. I mean that we are not obsessed by sex, are not always thinking of it in regard to the women we meet. It is very likely indeed that the reader knows more of foreign people than I, and I

am very sorry if his knowledge will not support me. All I can say is that such experience and reading and indirect knowledge as I have convince me that the Latin civilization has never really gone beyond regarding women from the sexual view only. Of course that does not appear too openly or offensively among well-bred people. But the man of the Latin civilization—which of course is wider than the so-called Latin races—seems to me, in his social intercourse, to be dominated entirely by the fact whether or no the women he meets attract him as women. Within the range of their civilization other people may be more civilized than we: in this attitude to women I believe we have extended civilization beyond the old range, have achieved or are achieving something new: pity, I think, if we have no time given us to improve on the experiment. Meredith said that true comedy began only when women were admitted to a social equality; social civilization, I think, is only perfect where that equality is real, and where, therefore, a fact which after all is irrelevant to social occasions no longer dominates them.

In all this I have written perhaps a little too absolutely, but if that is so it was to make my point with reasonable brevity. It is certainly far from me to accuse my countrymen of a priggish exclusion of natural feelings in society, of imperceptiveness or dullness before physical beauty in women. A face fair beyond others, a charm which is distinctively feminine—those qualities must first engage the attention of natural man everywhere, and most often continue to hold the first place in his regard. But we do not—the amiable of us—allow them to confuse a sensible equality of attitude in social life, which we feel would be unfair to their possessor as well as to others. I think, too—and will no

attractive woman of cosmopolitan experience support me?—that their possessor, consulting an English lawyer or doctor, would have a greater certainty of his repressing the emotions they might excite and attending strictly to her case than if she were consulting his foreign colleagues. I have heard so. To put it roughly, we make love when we make love, but we do not make half love on inappropriate occasions, counting it ill manners. That at least is our intention, and when we fall short of it we are criticized. A deeper philosopher than I may find some inner cause in our nature for the change. We are not less philoprogenitive than other men. Is it not possible, indeed, that a constant preoccupation with sex is more likely to fritter away real passion than to strengthen it? But I will leave the matter there: after all, I remind myself that, whatever our social merits, we are prudes in our reception of public utterances, and that I am not writing a scientific treatise. . . . Whatever unseen cause may produce this change or advance, its effect on our manners is obviously great. Dried up is the perpetual stream of personal compliments in which we were wont to paddle, and which other nations use more or less copiously still. I fear our excellent grandfathers were often clumsy at the business, and I am sure that contemporary Frenchmen are skilful and tactful at it, but I think our custom is the more comfortable even if we could be as witty as they. It must surely be a bore for a beautiful woman with brains that her face should never be taken for granted, even as those ladies among us who are public orators resent the reporting of their clothes to the exclusion of their speeches. Then, too, in the day of personal compliments what was done about the plain and unattractive women? If

they were left out it was invidious; if they were brought in it was patently insincere, and therefore (I should imagine) offensive. Oh, no, ours is the more comfortable course. No doubt our equal and friendly attitude may err on the side of roughness. We should know when our attitude of absolute equality is unacceptable, as it may be to foreign ladies, and is, and should be, to old ladies of any country. Mr. Beerbohm rightly rebukes young men who are too off-hand, but I trust I have shown him that this fault comes from a better cause than he supposed, and may be called a fault on the right side. Chaff of a woman may be rude, but so may be chaff of a man. That is the fault of a naturally bluff people, but surely the risk of meeting with it is a small price for women to pay if they are relieved from an insincere and tiresome deference. They will not miss, in consequence, any of the real homage which is reserved for their private ears.

Such are the causes which in my opinion have produced in the last generation or so, and more particularly in the last twenty years, a very great improvement in our English manners, rendering them far more natural and easy and agreeable. That they are sometimes rough I have admitted, but I do not admit that they are rougher in a bad sense than they were, believing that formality can go hand-in-hand with great essential roughness to other people's feelings. I wonder how far the reader has agreed with me in all this. If only a little or not at all, I should like to hear his objections and reason with him. He may be under an historical illusion. I think the pretty ceremonies with which we credit the past are greatly extended by tradition, especially by stage tradition. A certain sedateness and gravity of culture, for example, may well have distinguished the Court of Charles the

First, but that may have been lost before the Restoration in the turmoil and camp-life of the Civil War, and yet the second Charles remarked to a remonstrating bishop that "Your martyr swore twice as much as I." People of exceptionally fine breeding (like Charles the Second himself) shine in history, but we must not take their manners as typical. Or, again, the reader may be thinking of the whole interest of society, and confuse social attitudes and manners with the intellectual content of our talk. That very possibly, I fear probably, has declined, but he must not be misguided by brilliant exceptions here, too, or believe that society in general ever talked as it talks in Meredith's works: Thackeray with his accurate ear for banalities is his better guide. Or he may be misled by modern discomfort, by

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the general hurrying from place to place which is the result of our much vaunted inventions. I quite agree with him that this is an extremely stupid phase of civilization, and I trust it will pass when people discover that it is pleasanter to stay for three weeks in one place than to pay seven different visits of three days each. That does affect manners evilly in so far as the older plan of hospitality made for serenity and familiarity: they have improved in spite of it. That is a trivial thing, however, and I am reminded that there may be triviality to spare in this article already. The subject compelled a good deal of it, I think, but I trust that some suggestion of what is not trivial has somehow been involved. I said at the beginning, however, that it was not a scientific treatise.

G. S. Street.

REALITY IN POETRY.

The reality of poetry is almost the last thing that a great many people who say they "like poetry" think about. They fail to recognize that poetry is really a natural growth, a thing ingrained in human nature; that the poetic point of view is far less artificial than, let us say, the Piccadilly point of view, or than the prosy point of view; for this reason, if for this alone, that it is less passing and conventional. It may be worth while therefore to consider how little anything that may justly be called artifice has to do, not merely with the inward and spiritual grace, but even with the outward form of poetry—how far more closely, in fact, it is allied with the fundamental instincts of heart and brain and tongue, than is the speech born of the modern social conventions in which we are forced to move.

Some time ago one of our living poets was asked to define the difference between true poetry and merely good verse; and this is the vivid and energetic way in which he drew the distinction: "When I read," he said, "anything in the form of verse which gives me a certain feeling in my stomach, or down my spine, or at the back of my throat, then, for me, it is poetry."

That is to say, poetry, while possessing rhythmic structure, must also make a direct appeal to the emotions. Structure and emotion, then, are at the root of all poetry, and are, one may almost say, inextricably blended, since all that structure in poetry tends to do is to increase and not to diminish the force of the emotional appeal.

In modern life the gift of speech too often means the power of saying nothing, and of saying it nicely; but what

forced primeval man into becoming a speaking animal was rather the desire to say something, first anyhow, and then somehow. And in the advance from exclamatory disorder of speech to explanatory order, beauty of language had its development. All use of metaphor and analogy, all imaginativeness of diction arise from a continuing struggle of the human brain with the limitations of the implements of speech. Beautiful as it is to us, language remains imperfect as an interpreter of the human heart. The heart has always more to utter than the lips can speak; behind the lips there is a pressure of things that the lips cannot say, that language, even parted from speech and lifted into song, cannot entirely give form to; and so long as that goes on, poetry will go on; and so long, too, will poetry differ from speech, since speech and our use of it are not effective beyond a certain point.

That difference of structure, therefore, which separates poetry from ordinary speech is neither artificial nor fanciful; and the process by which it arose out of common materials was as much the result of governing law and order in the human mind as was architecture itself. As man's outlook on life enlarged, as his certainty of power over its materials increased, making him dissatisfied with the rough shelter of tree and cave, of wattled booth and mud hut, there awoke in him more and more strongly the architectural instinct,—the resolute raising of himself above the fortuitous and undisciplined provisions of nature which is at the root of all art. As he came to require more of a house than that it should be his shelter from the elements, so he came to require of language that it should express more than his daily needs. And just as architecture drew far away in form from the rude dwellings of primitive man,

so did poetry, the most structural of all forms of speech, grow separated, and rightly separated, in form from the colloquial.

The general lines upon which the separation between poetry and speech came about are fairly easy to recognize. There can be no doubt that poetry arose first in connection with the two most fundamental and ineradicable passions of the human heart, Love and War. The song of passion and the song of triumph must have been the earliest of all songs conceived by man. He would have sung them either in his advance to battle, or afterwards over the fat of the slain, or in the processions and dances of the bride-feast. He would have sung, that is to say, in accompaniment to the motions of the body and in time to a rhythmic and ordered tread of feet. And thus we get the natural origin of dactyl, anapaest and spondee, and of all that great descent of poetry which grew up independent of rhyme; the addition of rhyme came, we may fairly assume, through pure musical suggestion. Rhymed verse generally brings into poetry a more individual emotional force than metre, trending more upon the amative than upon the martial chords which strain themselves in the human breast. But I imagine that of old those two ardors were very much mixed; and it is more than likely that in primitive times the lover chanted his love-song under the window of his rival rather than under that of the lady herself—unless, indeed (as must often have happened), the window was common to both through the challenged rival being already the man in possession.

It would be difficult, therefore, if not impossible, to attempt a disentanglement of the amative from the combative element in poetry; it is to be hoped, indeed, that they will always remain happily related; but the ama-

tive element seems generally to have tended toward a shorter and more varied metrical form, and in the main toward rhyme or something corresponding thereto; while the epic, which embodies the martial element, has depended far more upon a uniform volume of sound sustained and unbroken, suggestive of the march of armies, the emotion of the many rather than the emotion of the individual.

Poetry, like every great force, has followed an evolution of its own; and as it comes to us to-day, we may trace in it this general tendency: it has tended away from the epic, and the expression of broad communal or national feeling, and expresses now far more than it did, in far more subtle and intricate directions, the feelings of the individual. If it gives voice on public, national, or international events, it does so from a far more specialized and personal point of view than of old; and with something of the acerbity and narrow intellectual outlook of the party politician. The strength of modern poetry hardly seems to lie for the future in this direction, nor, I imagine, will the political utterances of Swinburne, of Mr. Kipling, and Mr. William Watson give them their chief claim hereafter upon a grateful country's memory.

Poetry has also tended more and more through the centuries to dissociate itself from, and stand independent of, music, which was once its logical accompaniment. Much of the finest modern poetry could not conceivably be set to music without loss. It has parted from the color of actual song, much as statuary has parted from pigment; and our taste approves. We read poetry, we do not sing it—or only a very small portion of it—and when we do, the words, except in hymnology, have become secondary to the music.

Such a change, beginning very early

in the history of poetry, which started as song pure and simple, was bound to affect later developments; and I imagine that what makes many people feel poetry to be a strained and unreal form of speech is the fact that we read it rather than sing it—that it has come away from its original setting. We need not accept the deduction, but there is about it something obvious and plausible; and there has come from within, through the same cause, a danger which poetry has not altogether kept clear of. The fact that we read poetry instead of singing it, that some of the finest poetry is absolutely unsingable, has led to a violation of its unwritten canons, to attempts to force into poetry elements which are utterly alien to it. Philosophical disquisitions and abstractions can never be worked into true poetry, not though the pen of Milton and the mind of Newton were drawn together under a common guidance for the purpose. Poetry must be concrete, it must be formative; it must, as Bacon puts it, be "drenched in flesh and blood," and touch the common passions and emotions of the human heart. Without emotion of some sort it is not poetry.

Let us consider, then, the structural tendency of a speech charged with emotion. One noticeable element therein is reiteration of the thought with which the mind is charged. The tendency of the lover is not to state his love in a single assertion, but so often as the voice can give cumulative force to the words. In dramatic poetry, of course, we find instances of this in plenty. Cordelia, at the supreme moment of rewarded filial affection, when Lear cries, half doubting of the truth, "Do not laugh at me, for as I am a man I think this lady to be my child Cordelia?" Cordelia replies with eloquent simplicity and tenderness, "And so I am, I am!" The voice of Juliet breaks into the stillness of the

night with no burden but the repetition of her lover's name, "Oh, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" The cry of David over his lost son Absalom, one of the most profoundly moving of human utterances, comes to scarcely anything more than the repetition of a name: "Oh, my son, Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son."

And out of this repetition and dwelling on single phrases we already get a beginning of rhythmic structure. This is not to suggest that rhythmic structure so arose, but rather to show how adapted it is to the expression of high emotion.

Hebrew poetry, from which, rather than from the Greek or the Latin, English verse drew its lyric inspiration—Hebrew poetry is based upon it; and even in our prose-rendering, that basis brings it structurally more near to poetry than any other prose we know. Take such a passage as the following, and notice how reiteration seems to kindle the emotion and bring out the lyrical quality:

He asked water, and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish.

She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workmen's hammer; and with the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote off his head, when she had pierced and stricken through his temples.

At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell: where he bowed there he fell down dead.

The mother of Sisera looked out at a window and cried through the lattice: Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariots?

Her wise ladies answered her, yea she returned answer to herself.

Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey? to every man a damsel or two; to Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needle-

work on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil.

Or take further these few sentences of Balaam's parable:

He couched, he lay down as a lion, and as a great lion; who shall stir him up? . . .

I shall see him, but not now; I shall behold him, but not nigh; there shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth.

And just this same repetition of the simplest utterances charged with the highest emotion is a recognized element in all ballad poetry, the most unsophisticated form of verse that survives in our literature. It will suffice to quote portions of one well-known example:—

I wish I were where Helen lies;

Night and day on me she cries.

Oh, that I were where Helen lies

On fair Kirconnell Lee.

Curst be the head that thought the thought,

And cursed the hand that fired the shot,

When in my arms burd Helen dropt,

And died to succor me.

As I went down the waterside,

None but my foe to be my guide,

None but my foe to be my guide,

On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I lighted down, my sword did draw;

I hackèd him in pieces sma',

I hackèd him in pieces sma',

For her sake that died for me.

Oh, Helen fair! Oh, Helen chaste!

If I were with thee I were blest,

Where thou lies low and takes thy rest

On fair Kirconnell Lee!

I wish my grave were growing green,

A winding sheet drawn o'er my e'en,

And I in Helen's arms lying

On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies;

Night and day on me she cries,

And I am weary of the skies,

For her sake that died for me.

This surely is the most simple and direct utterance of an over-charged heart! And we cannot fail to notice how each reiterated phrase, as is always the case in fine poetry, gives an effect, not of diffuseness, but of concentration. Does not the reality in verse such as this hold its own against the finest prose the wit of man can produce? Its brevity and its simplicity are the proof that it is the most real, because the most economical, form that language could have taken for the expression of so much emotion. And it has this further quality which must also be considered as a part of the delight we draw from poetry, that it is so memorable, so easily taken to heart and kept there; the mind opens to give it lodging as it cannot to prose.

In this tendency, then, of emotional thought to find rhythmic expression, we see, in germ at least, a reason for that instinctive satisfaction which the ear derives from metrical form when emotion lies at its root, and how metre may actually set the key for a right receptivity and prompt the mind to a more alert apprehension of the message it would convey.

And as we find certain metres expressive of elation, others of depression; some of joy, others of sorrow, so every emotion or passion can find a structural form which gives it added force. In that connection it is interesting to note one or two examples of this union of metre and mood. As a rule the spirit of pessimism, of unrest, and despair tends to express itself in more rugged and heavily emphasized form, and more without the help of rhyme, than does the spirit of delight. To read that magnificent vaticination of despair in which Matthew Arnold throws up the sponge for England's future, is to feel at once the real unity which exists between the heavy and laboring body of the verse, and

the heavy and laboring spirit that prompts its utterance:—

Yes, we arraign her! but she
The weary Titan, with deaf
Ears, and labor-dimmed eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Nor left, goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal;
Bearing on shoulders immense,
Atlantean, the load,
Well nigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orb of her fate.

Or take, again, this characteristic outburst of another poet who was also a confirmed pessimist as to England's future, though with more spiritual hope in him than Arnold. Coventry Patmore, in his poem to "The Unknown Eros," writes:—

Lo, weary of the greatness of her
ways,
There lies my Land with hasty pulse
and hard,
Her ancient beauty marred,
And, in her cold and aimless roving
sight,
Horror of Light,
Sole vigor left in her last lethargy;
Save when at bidding of some dread-
ful breath
The rising death
Rolls up with force,
And then the furiously gibbering corpse
Shakes, panglessly convulsed, and
sightless stares,
While one Physician pours in rousing
wines,
One anodynes;
And one declares
That nothing ails it but the pains of
growth.
My last look loth
Is taken; and I turn—with the relief
Of knowing that my life-long hope and
grief
Are surely vain—
To that unshapen time to come, when
she,
A dim, heroic Nation long since dead,
The foulness of her agony forgot,
Shall all benignly shed
Through ages vast
The ghostly grace of her transfigured
past

Over the present harassed and forlorn
Of nations yet unborn.

And this shall be the lot
Of those who in the bird-voice and the
blast

Of her omniloquent tongue
Have truly sung, or greatly said—
To show as one of those who have best
done,

And be as rays
Through the still altering world around
her changeless head.

We may or may not agree with these pessimistic readings of our country's fate; they show—as is the way of the modern poet when he takes to politics and to lecturing his native land on her manners and her morals—a very personal and temperamental outlook. But they do convince one also of an extraordinary depth and sincerity of conviction in the man who uttered them; and their high spiritual and poetic standpoint gives them this further value—that the veriest jingo can take them to heart without controversial feeling or offence. They leave by their beauty a reconciled impression, a sense almost of agreement, even on the mind that is most prepared to dispute their premises.

The true science of poetry leads rather toward economy than toward ornament of speech; and we should bear in mind that what makes for economy or for condensation of language makes for its perfection as a final means to expressing thought. We should do well to strip our minds altogether of the notion that poetry is ever the right place for what is diffuse and superfluous and unstructural.

Let us take, for instance, what is called "word-painting," which is only too often the chief stock-in-trade of your modern poet. Now word-painting in poetry, merely for the word-painting's sake, is a delusion and a snare. Poetry has a natural power of calling up pictures before the eye, of giving the most concrete expression

possible in words to our delight in things visible. But when it does so it must be, not for the picture's sake, but for the accompanying thought or emotion which the picture is to illustrate—the picture must have, in fact, what your up-to-date art-critic loathes—it must have the literary element behind it; it must be there for a reason, and for an emotional reason; it must not be there merely for the purpose of showing how well the master can manipulate words to a pictorial result. And we shall find, I think, that every great descriptive passage of so-called "word-painting," succeeds as poetry only because it carries in it the emotion which belongs to the subject-matter of the poem, that it helps to construe that emotion, and to enforce it¹ on the reader's mind.

Wherever, on the other hand, word-painting stands without the human interest which poetry should embody, its effect is thin and cold and impoverished. And in this respect Tennyson, great master as he is of sound and metre, has too often been led astray, and has elaborated mere verbal felicities which leave one with an uncomfortable sense that they are ornament and nothing more. The whole group of pictures drawn for us in his "Palace of Art" are tainted with this insincerity or insufficiency of purpose; they are a display merely of great craftsmanship, to which the reputed subject-matter of the poem stands quite secondary. But set against that the wonderful atmosphere opened for us by the descriptions in his two poems of "Mariana in the Moated Grange" and "Mariana in the South." There, surely enough, each scene of the slowly circling hours, in deserted house, and desolate landscape, is charged with an accompanying

¹ Take, as a perfect instance, the last passage of Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," descriptive of the river's passage seawards, following on the close of the human tragedy.

sense of unbroken and hopeless captivity. For the same reason, in such poems as "The Dying Swan," "Fatima," and "St. Agnes' Eve," the exquisite word-painting is justified by the emotion and passion which it helps to express—and by this alone. And no doubt the chief reason why "Maud" stands out as one of the greatest and most convincing of Tennyson's poems arises from the same cause, that there is a full reality of passion behind all those pictures of a world which he makes so visible. There, as nowhere else in the same degree, he has enlisted nature to express the lover's moods, his cries of love, joy, fear, and despair.

Browning, the more human, though the more faulty in his craft, never errs into cold perfection as Tennyson was inclined to err; nor does he leave us for a moment in doubt as to the element of human emotion which brings his descriptions of the outwardness of things into the realms of true poetry.

The opening verse of "Porphyria's Lover," the first stanza and a half of "James Lee's Wife," and such poems as "Mesmerism" or the "Serenade at the Villa," afford instances too well-known to need quotation; they suffice to indicate the point at which "word-painting" becomes welded into poetry. Given emotion and reality, its power is great and legitimate, for the poet must always be instant in his use of a means that comes so naturally to verse for the summoning up of concrete images. Within the enchanted atmosphere of Keats's five "Odes," we get, perhaps, more examples of such mental imagery than are to be found elsewhere in so small a space in English literature. Here are ten lines of a peculiarly visionary quality, inseparable from their subject, untranslatable into any other form but that in which they here find permanence:—

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird;
No hungry generations tread thee down.

The voice I hear this passing night was heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown;
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path

Through the sad heart of Ruth when,
Sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn:
The same that oftentimes hath

Charmed magic casements opening on
the foam

Of perilous seas in faërylands forlorn.

It is the close unity between outward and inward vision which here makes so deep an appeal; every simile tends to make the thought visible, tends at the same time to exalt perception above the material aspect and to give it an emotional value.

But all the emotion and imagery in the world will not give us poetry in its highest form, unless we have also fine structure based on a noble economy of means. Good poetry, even light lyric poetry, is always condensed, as anyone can prove, by trying to translate without omission the full weight of a passage of true poetry into prose. Ruskin generously declared that Browning had summed up in about thirty lines of verse all that he himself had been trying to express of the spirit of the Italian Renaissance in as many volumes, and his reference was to that wonderful description of the Bishop ordering his Tomb at Saint Praxed's, which gives so memorable a picture of the blend of pagan and Christian thought characteristic of the period. The poem brings it home to us in the most memorable, in the most intensified form possible under the image of a dying man's last clutch on the life he loved; and perhaps there is no better instance anywhere to be found of the value of the personal equation for conveying to us that criticism of life which Matthew Arnold

held to be the main function of poetry.

We are living in a literary age crowded with claims; generously, perhaps foolishly impatient to acknowledge new genius; our ears are buffeted with contending appeals to our cultured intelligence. It is better that we pay heed to none of them, till we have applied with stern private judgment certain intrinsic tests that should never lead us far astray. And, at least as regards contemporary verse, this test of condensation is the best to go by. Emotion is easily perceived, it may easily cause a bias; but, given condensation of matter in clarity of form, we are assured at once of a merit rare to the spirit of the age. Only let us be sure that we distinguish between what is condensed and what is merely crabbled. Much of Browning's work was ruined by the stuffy crabbedness of its form; his best and truly condensed work is always clear, for when condensation has been properly effected there can be no crowding or confusion in the result. It seems cruel to give an example of what he could descend to, save as it helps to emphasize the point to which he could rise; but the example that follows does, at least, convey in its own ugly fashion a moral to which he paid too little attention:—

Ah, but so I shall not enter,

Scroll in hand, the common heart—
Stopped at surface: since at centre
Song should reach Welt-schmerz,
world-smart!

"Enter in the heart?" Its shelly
Cuirass guard mine, fore and aft!
Such song enters in the belly
And is cast out in the draught.

There you have the song in all its "shelly cuirass" prophesying against itself; and it goes, truly enough, to the place assigned for it in the scriptural quotation. Here, on the other hand, is Browning in his true form:—

Take the cloak from his face, and at first

Let the corpse do its worst!

How he lies in his rights of a man!
Death has done all death can;

And absorbed in the new life he leads,
He recks not, he heeds

Nor his wrong nor my vengeance; both
strike

On his senses alike.

And are lost in the solemn and strange
Surprise of the change.

Ha, what avails death to erase

His offence, my disgrace?

I would we were boys as of old,

In the field, by the fold;

His outrage, God's patience, man's
scorn

Were so easily borne!

I stand here now, he lies in his place:
Cover the face!

There is a condensed statement, absolutely clear and simple, of a tremendous weight of thought and emotion—the feelings of a man who has achieved vengeance for the wrong done him by a friend. There is not a crowded word in it, because, in contra-distinction to so many other poems by the same writer, no single word has been either far-fetched or misplaced.

If with the emotional element granted, we take clear and condensed utterance as our guide, we shall find our way almost infallibly to the best of the poets in all ages; and just for example it may be well to give here a few instances of some of our poets at their best in simple condensed utterance mingled with emotion. This by Coventry Patmore of why a man nobly conscious of his own faults should keep silence when assailed by unjust critics:—

Let be, let be!

Why should I clear myself, why answer thou for me?

That shaft of slander shot

Missed only the right blot.

I see the shame

They cannot see:

'Tis very just they blame

The thing that's not.

Or this of Wordsworth's, bringing into contrast those two sharp opposites, young life and death:—

A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees,
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks and stones and trees.

Or take a few examples from the poets of the seventeenth century, who were so great, not in complete poems of any length, but in terse memorable couplets and quatrains and stanzas compact of force and beauty. Take, for instance, Crashaw upon Saint Teresa:—

O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires,
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove,
By all thy lives and deaths of love:
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they.

What a summing up in concrete imagery of a great ecstatic soul! Or take Lovelace's test of honorable love:—

I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honor more.

Or Marvell's of Kingliness in the man whose death sentence he yet approved:—

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down as upon a bed.

These quotations of poetic statement, direct, almost unadorned, have been chosen as showing the kind of condensation that is meant—a condensation of thought and emotion, orderly and convinced; concise, not

crowded; and, for the most part, not taken from singers of the highest or most permanent fame. But one other example may, without unnecessary quotation, be pointed as a perfect instance: Portia's speech on the quality of mercy from the *Merchant of Venice*. There is a passage which, if repetition could have made it so, would have become hackneyed beyond expression, but yet retains its full value in beauty, in emotional force, in simplicity, in directness, in truth, in a way that scarcely any other speech of human lips has retained it. With speech of this kind, as with prayer, repetition seems but to add to its significance. Putting it to the test of repetition we find its charm drawing round us like an atmosphere, laying ordered rest upon the brain, and comfort upon the spirit. Can we inquire in the face of language so direct and potent, whether it is based on anything less deep than laws fundamental to the human heart?

Undoubtedly when we commit ourselves to poetry we lose something of the realism or the imitative note of life; but what we lose in realism we gain abundantly in reality. Realism may be said to deal with life as it presents itself on the surface and to the senses; reality makes its appeal to man's spirits. If poetry throws over realism, it does so in order that it may go further and touch deeper and more intimate chords of our nature than can be reached by any other means; and if poetry speaks for the more obscure and more silent forces within us, is it therefore less true or less valuable?

The limitations of colloquial speech are to most of us forcible and binding. We are forever prevented by habit, by instinct, by the thousand and one scruples which possess our clothed and civilized consciences, from giving utterance in our daily speech to the things which emotionally concern us. And

it is just where that silence, that dumbness, that impotence of the tongue falls upon us, that poetry begins most effectively to utter its voice. More than anything else does poetry voice the great silences which have hold upon our lives. There is in ordinary speech an instinctive reserve upon the subjects of Love, Birth, Religion, and Death. Not only are we unable, but under ordinary conditions we would not wish to express the emotions which these great facts of being rouse within us. Is it not evident that these are the very subjects in which poetry finds its strength?

We can tolerate in poetry an extraordinary intimacy and depth of analysis which would be unbearable when given in every-day speech. We do not say our prayers in public; we do not, it is to be hoped, publish our own love-letters or those of anyone connected with us; yet in poetry can be given, without any sense of outrage or of flagrant exposure, a most marvelously near statement of the inmost experiences of the heart. Partly, maybe, because poetry is a door that is at once locked and open; it admits the initiate and the sympathetic: it shuts out the Philistine and the inter-viewer. It has acquired that priceless privilege of meaning everything to the right person and nothing worth thinking about to the wrong; and so it is able to stand before the world as an interpreter of human hearts—naked but not ashamed.

Broadly speaking, we may, I imagine, say that the great principle governing the phenomena of existence for us is the impulsion of life into matter, or, in other words, of force into form. And as that is at the root of all creation, of all evolution in the physical conditions wherein we find ourselves, so it is at the root of the arts in which the artist seeks to find himself. Every work of art is in the

process of creation wrought over again in small: it is "force finding its way into form," personal force making for itself a personality in form. That is the root of all Art: imitation, "mirrors held up to nature," have little to do with it: it is force finding its way into form.

Taking that, then, as the fundamental condition for poetic expression, for that final use of language of which colloquial speech is merely the elementary and the transitory, it must be clear that any claim for the colloquial to be the standard of reality or of natural fitness of expression in language falls to the ground. The colloquial has to do chiefly with ephemeral conditions: it comes lightly, goes lightly; it has, as a rule, but a rough force, a rough form, and very little beauty that we should desire it. Such beauty as it has depends entirely on the lively inflections of the human voice in using it: we rub along with it—and that is about all. But so surely as our emotions quicken, as the intensity of our convictions seeks a connected expression in words, so surely do they become either inarticulate from lack of power to take form, or—removed by their own energies from the colloquial—they take new form. And so, even in prose-oratory, we are carried some degrees away from ordinary speech.

This does not mean that the form ceases to be simple. With poetry especially, simplification is, and must be, continually a process in the making. Art is the greatest of all economies, for it is itself based on the finest scheme of selection and rejection that the mind can conceive. Toward a given result—it is the abiding rule of all art—one stroke of the brush is better than two strokes, one word is better than two. And that alone is so opposed to ordinary usage, to the colloquialism which is the outcome of the

lowest pressure of human brain-power upon speech, that in itself it effects the beginning of that division between poetic and every-day speech, the naturalness, the inevitableness of which has here been suggested.

Let us throw over, then, the idea that colloquialism, or the spoken word, is the only standard for natural expression, or that the language which sprang from speech is meant for the lips only. For a time in the world's history it was so: but conditions have changed. From the moment when men began to engrave the words of their poets and prophets upon the tablets of memory, the real invention of writing had begun: the silent storage of language had begun, the balance had been shifted, and the brain began to weigh what the tongue need not continue to utter.

It is conceivable that the human race may by the development of telepathy loosen its need of ordinary every-day speech; and if that were ever to come we might find poetry outlasting the utilitarian usage of the tongue, surviving, even as the great dead languages of Greece and Rome have survived, because it had a claim on the human mind higher and more real and more permanent than mere utility. And perhaps then the human tongue, purged of its common uses, of the cries of the market-place, and made a vehicle of pure delight, would become more fitted than now to carry its burden of song, and in a race grown silent over knowledge, would begin to utter wisdom only, and discourse nothing but poetry! That, after all, is not unlike the picture of songful Paradise set before us in Scripture. Stated elsewhere it becomes, of course, a mere idle suggestion, to be put by if unwel-

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come. We shall not, as a preacher once observed, be dragged into Heaven by the hair of our heads; nor will any operation but a divine one teach the unseeing the value of poetry to the human race. Yet in view of certain modern tendencies, its value and possible influence upon man's ultimate development can hardly be overstated. More now, perhaps, than ever, must our hope for the spiritual health of the race depend on the hold poetry still has on us. If a belief in the vision splendid is still necessary for man's happiness when other creeds fail, then it is at our peril that we let modern life or modern thought take poetry from us, or make it unreal and out of place in our lives, allowing ourselves to regard it as a diversion merely, instead of as a reality; as a thing of prettiness and phrase rather than of inward beauty and truth.

Let us remember rather how much of the history of man's spirit it has embraced since the world began—what it has gathered up and poured out to us from the past. Into it have gone the pleasures and the passions, the desires and the despairs, the joy, the indignation, and the scorn of men's minds; and in it they all lie in some wonderful way made one: as if Beauty were to be, after all, the Ark of our Covenant, upon which shall rest, between the shadow of the cherubim, the Mercy-seat of God; as if, so long as we hold to the vision within us, it shall be possible for the Powers that have implanted it to make it beatific, as if the final Judgment of the human race were to be made manifest, not by an inquisition of the deeds done in the body, but by the question whether there is left to it at all a living soul.

Laurence Housman.

THE LANTERN BEARERS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK, AUTHOR OF "THE SEVERINS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

Helga could not foresee how Clive would look at what had happened or what he would say to her. She waited for him in the place she had appointed in her telegram. Yesterday, when her mother had gone upstairs to see whether Mr. Byrne had fallen asleep, the girl had run out to the telegraph office in the Ewell Road. "To-morrow at three as before," she had said, and had added no name. She hoped the message would reach Clive, and that he would understand and come. She thought about this all the morning while she helped her mother to dismantle the unlighted Christmas tree and put the room into its usual order again. After lunch she had said that she wanted a walk, and Mrs. Byrne had raised no objection. There was nothing to do in the sad, quiet house this Christmas Day, and out of doors the sun was shining. There were not many people down by the river when she got there, but she saw at once that Clive had understood and had come. He was walking a little way ahead, his face set towards Kingston. He walked slowly, and as she reached his side she saw that he looked grave. At first they looked at each other and did not say a word. Then Helga spoke, and she did not speak coherently. She tried to ask after his father but her words died away as if she had no breath to finish them.

"I can't tell you much yet," said Clive; "he hasn't spoken since he was brought home."

"My father is ill too," said Helga, finding her voice.

"Is he?" said Clive.

He spoke without sympathy. At least, Helga thought so, and she sighed.

"I am glad you came," she said.

"Of course I came," said he; "you were quite right to send for me. Whatever happens we belong to each other now and must face things together. Besides——"

He looked quickly and impatiently about him. There were not many people, yet it seemed to Clive that there were eyes and ears everywhere.

"Come across in the ferry," he said, and went towards it. Helga walked beside him telling herself with a thrill that she was his wife. He had spoken as if he too remembered it, and took for granted that she would follow where he led. They were soon put across the river and walking in the big, empty park. It was damp and chilly, but they did not think of that. For the first time since their marriage they were by themselves. Even the troubles between them were forgotten as they clung to each other, losing with each look and word the sense of strangeness with which they had met after weeks of separation.

"It has seemed like a lifetime," said Clive. "In future I must and will know what is happening to you."

"Must you?" said Helga, sadly. Her mother and she had not slept much that night, and when they met at breakfast they had talked a little of what was likely to happen if Mr. Byrne found no work. It seemed that there was twenty pounds besides the furniture and silver between them and destitution, and that most of the twenty pounds would be wanted in January for rent, taxes, and coal. Their lease of the house expired in June. But Helga could not bring herself to speak of money difficulties to Clive. Her relation to him was still too shadowy and insecure for the real-

ities of life; besides, his money was John Ashley's money. He did not earn enough yet for his own expenses.

"I didn't send that telegram with any thought of ourselves," she said, "it was for my mother's sake. If you could see her, Clive, if you could see them both——"

"I got it soon after my father had been brought home by Mr. Rossiter," said Clive.

At the foot of a tree, not far from where they stood, there were some rough logs, and they walked towards them in silence and sat down. The sun had gone in again, and the winter afternoon was rapidly turning dark and bitter cold.

"We mustn't sit here long," said Helga, with a little shiver.

"No," said Clive, "you mustn't get chilled."

"It's no use," began Helga, after a long silence. "We ought to have foreseen. We belong to our people—I to mine, you to yours. We can never belong to each other."

"We do belong to each other," said Clive.

"I can think of nothing to-day but of my father's face as I saw it when he came home last night. I can't forgive your father, Clive."

Clive looked at the horizon and said nothing.

"It is not to be expected that you should understand," she went on bitterly; "you were a schoolboy ten years ago."

"What were you?"

"But I know what happened."

"You mean you have heard one side of the story."

"The true side, the only side. All the facts prove it."

"What facts?"

"The enormous fortune your father is making out of Æonion, the process my father discovered."

"My dearest girl, your father didn't invent Æonion."

"No, but he believed in it, and put his money in it, and slaved to make it a success."

"It wasn't a success for years. My father dropped thousands over it."

"It's a success now."

"Yes. It's a big thing now. My father would make bread pills pay if he took them up. He's a first-rate business man, shrewd, methodical, a splendid organizer. He knows when to spend and when to draw in. He earns success."

"He ruined my father."

"Helga, he didn't. Your father ruined himself, and mine didn't want a partner without a penny. No business man does."

"Oh! if you are going to take your father's part—I didn't know an honest man could."

"Helga!"

She got up, and looked aimlessly and miserably about her. Then she walked a step or two away from Clive towards home. But he got up too, followed her, and put his arm round her.

"We are not going to carry on the quarrel," he said.

"I am not sure of that," said Helga. He drew her more closely to him.

"I am sure," he said; "for better for worse, you are mine, Helga, my people are your people——"

"No—no," cried the girl, freeing herself suddenly, "you don't understand, I belong to my people. I have known it ever since yesterday. I love them. Their sorrows are mine."

"But, you love me, Helga, you have said so."

"Yes, yes. I do. That is why I am so unhappy. The thought of it tears me asunder. But they need me more than you do. I can never—leave them—for you."

"But you married me?"

"That was a game, a dream. I al-

ways told you so. It does weigh on my mind because it is a secret from my own dear people, and I wish—I would do anything, sacrifice anything, to save them still more sorrow. As it is, they are broken."

The young man did not know the girl in this mood. She was transfigured by the passion of pity with which she spoke of her parents and her home; and she was trying to thrust him from her with both hands. And he too was disturbed and distressed by recent memories, and by pictures of last night's wretched business. In his home the feast of Christmas had been painfully stopped, and his mother watched anxiously by her husband's side. He thought Helga was unreasonable.

"We have known from the beginning that this trouble was between us," he said. "In spite of it we made up our minds that we would join our lives."

"We ought never to have done it. But to-day I can't think of ourselves. We don't matter. I asked you to come here because we are in suspense. We wanted to know—"

"Whether your father had left mine dead or alive?"

"Whether there was danger?"

"The doctors say not."

"When will he be conscious again?"

"They can't fix a time. Probably in a day or two."

"It is dreadful—dreadful—that it should have happened," whispered the girl. They were walking slowly back towards the ferry now, and a parting full of anxiety and sorrow lay immediately before them.

"My mother troubles so," said Helga.

"So does mine," said Clive; "she thinks that because he is unconscious he will die."

Helga turned so white that he forgot everything but the wish to console and reassure her.

"He won't—he won't," he said. "The doctors are not in the least alarmed, and I will let you know at once. I understand your fears."

"It is with us day and night," she said, shivering as she clung to him, "and my mother fears a prosecution—prison—can you stop that, Clive?"

"You know I will if I can," said he.

The brooding silence that had hung between them at intervals ever since they met this afternoon descended again now, and they were near the small ponds at the edge of the park before Clive spoke again.

"I had almost made up my mind to tell my father before I went abroad," he said, "but now it will be more difficult than ever!"

"To tell him what?" exclaimed Helga, stopping short.

"That you and I were married."

"You have no right to do that till I consent," she said. "I may never consent. I believe it would kill my father to know I had done such a thing. He is to have some consideration—some mercy—from us both."

"Whatever wrong has been done is set right by our marriage. You never seem to see that side of it, Helga."

"Because I know my father and mother would not."

"The quarrel is about money."

"You don't understand, Clive. I always feel that you don't. When I remember the years of sorrow—more than half my life—and what my mother's life has been, and what they both are, your money will not count a feather weight against their dislike of your name and parentage. I must say it once, Clive, they are good, and they think your father is not; they may be unjust and bitter, as you say we don't know all the facts, but I do know how they look at things, and we ought to have been strong and given each other up. I see it now."

"I don't see it at all," said Clive, hotly. "Anyhow, what we've done can't be undone."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I'm sure that it will never be undone with my consent. I don't change my mind from one week to the next."

He was devouring her with his eyes, wishing that he could carry her with him then and there. He saw that she looked white and ill.

"I go to France directly after New Year," he reminded her. "First to Lyons; then to Paris. I wish you were coming with me."

"We ought to undo our marriage, Clive, if it is possible," said Helga, deliberately. "It was only a form, and instead of bringing us peace, as I hoped it would, it has brought misery."

Clive did not speak directly because his anger and surprise were too profound for easy expression. In the end he spoke curtly.

"Marriage isn't a game," he said. "I told you that at the time. You can't take a man for your husband one day and tell him to go to the devil the next. I've rights and duties. So have you."

"But we agreed that our marriage was only to be a shadow—no, not a shadow—a little light in our hearts."

"I never agreed that it should remain so."

"More than ever now it must remain so—or be undone."

"For the third time to-day, Helga, it will not be undone. We are as safely married, I hope and believe, as if three parsons and a crowd had married us."

The girl lifted her blue eyes to his, and in them he saw the heaven of love and surrender he had seen in them on their wedding day, and missed while they had talked and argued this afternoon.

"I'm glad," she said.

"Glad!" cried Clive, both happy and mystified. "Then why——"

"Oh! Clive, you never understand," wailed Helga. "It's my duty to hate you and my fate to love you, and I never know whether I am to talk as I ought or as I feel. I try this way and that and in the end you win, and then I'm glad and I ought to be sorry. Oh, can't you see? It's as plain as daylight."

Clive saw enough then to go home in a happier frame of mind than if they had parted coldly; but he saw breakers ahead. It was natural that the girl should take her father's part, but he could not take it too. He had always heard Mr. Byrne described as a fool, who, after the manner of fools the world over, blamed other men for the misfortunes he had brought on himself. And now the fool had turned rabid, and had unprovokedly attacked the man he considered his enemy. Clive could not judge between his father and Helga's father. Apparently each partner was able to make out a fair case for himself and call the other names. When the young man got back to Sloane Gardens he got back to his father's atmosphere, and to his side of the quarrel. Marcella Stair was spending Christmas with them, and he found her in the drawing-room with his mother, Violet, and Jack.

Out of the sunless chill of the afternoon he came straight into warmth, light, and fragrance. The room seemed full of flowers, the flowers of many seasons, roses, violets, daffodils, and lilies of the valley. Tea was still there, but apparently over, and the two girls had just opened a great embroidered satin-covered box of French sweets; sent from Paris by some business friend of Mr. Ashley's. In the back drawing-room there were other boxes and bags of the kind, and numbers of Christmas presents. A large

party of friends and relations had been expected to dinner to-day, but when the master of the house had been brought home last night telegrams had been sent to stop every one but Jack Arden. Marcella had offered to leave this morning, but agreed to stay when it was found that Mr. Ashley's state was not serious. The big party had become a small one therefore, but it seemed to Clive as he joined it that he had left sorrow and failure behind, when he left Helga to return alone to her sad home. Here the three young people were laughing and talking, while Mrs. Ashley, who looked a little tired, was turning over a new illustrated book about gardens.

"How is father?" Clive asked at once; and Mrs. Ashley put down her book to welcome her son.

"Just the same," she said. "But nurse thinks he is going on well."

"Is Dr. Smith coming again to-day?"

"Not unless we send for him. He does not seem at all anxious."

"It might have been most serious," said Marcella, in her decisive way. "Sir Henry said so. If Mr. Ashley had fallen as he did against anything sharp, besides——"

"It's bad enough. Poor old Dad!" said Violet; "our Christmas is spoilt. You won't eat any dinner, Jack, if you go on like that. Shut the box, Marcella. No, give Clive some."

"Clive is eating bread and butter," said Miss Stair; "his walk has made him hungry."

"Have you had a long walk?" asked Mrs. Ashley.

"No," said the young man. He was the only one of the party who looked troubled and pre-occupied, and as soon as he could he went downstairs to the library to smoke. But before he had been there long, the three young people came there too. Marcella sat down at the table and began to write a letter, but she did not detach herself en-

tirely from what the others were saying. Jack and Violet could only talk of two subjects, their wedding and the catastrophe of yesterday, and just now they were talking of both together.

"I don't want our wedding to be mixed up with any horrid law bothers," said Violet. "What happens when one man goes for another and hurts him? Why didn't a policeman come and march him off to prison?"

"That is what I should like to know," said Marcella.

"Directly anything happens no one knows what to do, or what ought to happen," Violet went on lucidly. "I'm sure I don't. Sometimes policemen interfere and people get put in prison, and sometimes they do just the same things, and only have blue papers sent them, and law suits. Why isn't the law of the land simple, so that sensible people can understand it?"

"If Mr. Ashley prosecutes!" began Jack.

But Clive stopped him.

"I hope he won't," he said; "we've had scandal enough."

"Marcella says it is his duty," said Violet.

"I don't agree with you," said Clive, looking at Marcella.

"I felt sure you wouldn't," she said.

"I agree with Clive," said Jack Arden. "Why have any more fuss?"

"There would be a great deal of fuss, and none of us here know all the rights of it," said Clive. "This man was once my father's partner, and has a grievance. He is probably half crazy."

"Poor devil!" said Jack.

"There would be an end to law and order if we all used such arguments," said Marcella. "People who break the law must be punished. It is a duty to the community not to let them escape."

She then went on with her letter,

and no one interrupted her. Clive filled a fresh pipe and lighted it. Jack and Violet remembered that the drawing-room would probably be empty now, and went upstairs again. After they had left, there was silence for a few minutes. Marcella folded her letter, closed it, stamped it, and then came towards the fireplace. She stood there, with one foot on the fender, and looked at the clock.

"Nearly time to dress," she said.

"Yes," said Clive.

She waited a little, and then seemed to make up her mind to speak, but unfortunately she spoke in the tone of admonishment that always made Clive angry with her.

"You know Mr. Byrne is not crazy," she said. "I saw his employer, Mr. Rossiter, last night, and asked him."

"What is Mr. Rossiter?" asked Clive.

"He is in business. Mr. Byrne is his clerk."

"Then I should not take his opinion on a man's sanity," said Clive; "he probably knows just as much of such things as you and I do."

"I know enough in this case to have a definite opinion."

"So it appears," said Clive, and he got up and knocked out his pipe, though he had not half finished it.

"I wish I could convince you," Marcella persisted.

"Why do you wish it?" said Clive. "How can these people concern you? Why should you try to add to their misfortunes?"

"Really, Clive; I speak on general principles. How could I have an animus against people I don't know?"

"You apparently know them enough to dislike them. I have heard you speak of them with dislike—more than once."

"If you can call it dislike. I certainly don't wish to have any dealings with them."

"It is not necessary. But you might leave them alone."

"I'm afraid I can't either change or hide my opinions to please you," she said haughtily; "I'm not a sentimentalist, and I think any one who half murders a man without provocation ought to suffer for it."

(To be continued.)

THE TWENTY-FIRST OF JANUARY, 1793.

BY SIR JAMES YOXALL, M. P.

Henry Essex Edgeworth sits in a valet's bedroom listening. He hears the gurgle of gargoyles, the thaw and slip of snow, the sentry's stamp in the slush, and the Temple clock striking two. But there are nearer sounds; through a wall of boards he can hear the slow, thick utterances of a King.

"Only part undress me, Cléry. . . . No thankee, not my hair. . . . Remember to wake me at five." Then, almost the next minute, an astonishingly loud snoring begins; it is the "ronflement continuel et des plus ex-

traordinaires" which usually accompanies the sleep of this King. Edgeworth hears it with wonder; for the King to sleep at all just now is marvellous, but to sleep like that! This animal placidity will stand him in good stead to-day.

Let us enter the King's bedroom as the valet emerges; it is not much of a room for a King—only sixteen by thirteen feet large. There is but one window, and that is grated, defending exit or access by a tall embrasure two yards deep. No doubt the walls are

papered, white flowers upon a shiny yellow ground, and the brute stone of the vaulting is hidden by a false ceiling, canvas painted with gilt stars upon indigo blue; but that was done a dozen years ago for the comfort of a Captain of the Guard. Nobody then could guess that a King would ever come to house in this grim second storey, raised high within the enormous mass of a Tower.

But this, though a cell, is not a barbarous place entirely. The mirror over the mantelpiece reflects the light of two candles and the green hue of the room; the silver sticks flank a gilded clock that rises from a fine gray-marble base, style Louis Quinze. The fire is dying, but near it you see a graceful writing-table, covered with green leather, and upon it lies the King's breviary, amidst papers and cut quills. Two barometers—two—hang on the wall, and they are gilded; but not all the barometers in the land shall ever again register this King's weather as "set fair." A mahogany chest of drawers, marble-topped, a green baize screen, the bed, and some chairs upholstered in green damask almost complete the inventory; the late Captain of the Guard had a pretty taste in green. Oh, here are a shaving-glass and a lantern about which there is something to note. The glass is of the shape which English collectors call "Queen Anne," though the frame is not the usual walnut-wood, but lacquer, "art et sujets de la Chine." As for the lantern, of hammered copper, the warders cannot have examined the ornament closely, for it shows the *fleur-de-lis*.

Take a candle from the mantel and approach the small four-poster bed; the bed and the partition positively tremble with the sleeper's sonorous breathing. He does not turn over, nor mutter, nor start; even fitful rest just now would be impossible for the priest or

the valet on the other side of the partition, but they are retinue—this is a King—and there is something Royal in this unbroken sleep on the brink. Move the light nearer, withdraw a curtain, and examine the looks of this man. The hair and face are gray, though he is not yet forty; he has had his Royal troubles, the curving lines at the corners of his eyes and lips are deep, the fatness of the cheek and dewlap is gone. Up stands, more disproportionate than ever, the big, thick, Bourbon nose, that fleshy promise of great achievements. "The nose of a Cæsar" Lavater said of it lately at Zurich, as he studied the King's portrait. No Cæsar this, however; he might have made a passable locksmith's journeyman, perhaps; but that great stubborn beak of his has led him down to a scaffold, poor *bonhomme*, from the proudest of thrones.

Abbé Edgeworth, waiting until the hour of his office should come, must have thought of that declension with wonder that was almost incredulity. The guillotine for a crowned head!—judicial murder for this anointed son of St. Louis? But it was almost as marvellous that Henry Essex Edgeworth, Irish and the descendant of Orangemen, should have come in the end to share and comfort the last hours of Louis XVI. Born in the Protestant Rectory of Edgeworthstown, County Longford, he had none the less become a priest of the older Church—a son of the Sorbonne and not of Trinity College, Dublin. He might Frenchify his name into Edgeworth de Firmont, but it is an Irish face which looks out at you from his portrait in the Carnavalet Museum. Refusing a bishopric, he has remained in Paris, confessor to the Irish colony there; and now the swirl and boil of troublous times have cast him up upon the bleak coast of the Temple prison, almost the only *prêtre insermenté* now left in

Paris, to become shriver and last consoler of Louis Capet.

The Abbé mumbles at his breviary while he waits and listens; three o'clock, four o'clock, the half-hour, the three-quarters—a dull horror seems to occupy the lessening spaces of time. Five o'clock sounds, and the valet steals into his master's room, to light the fire. The snoring ceases, a hand comes out between the bed-curtains, and the King's sleepy face appears. He yawns. "Five o'clock, Cléry? I'll get up." This might merely have been one of his winter mornings at Versailles when he was early afoot for the chase. "Thankee, I slept very well. Yesterday tired me, you see." That "yesterday" meant his tragical last interview, two hours long, with dear sobbing women and children who knew that to-day he must die. "Yesterday tired me, Cléry"—even the valet who knew him so well must have stared at him then; the tone was so placid, the lips so steady. "Where's the Abbé?"

"On my bed, Sire."

"Then where did you pass the night?"

"On a chair, your Majesty."

"I am sorry for that, my poor Cléry." This King's care for his servants lasted to the end.

His toilet began; gray hose, gray breeches, white vest, brown coat. Then the valet drew the chest of drawers into the middle of the room and arrayed the marble slab of it as an altar. Vestments and vessels had been brought from the church of Saint Jean-Saint-François; in the *trésor* there you may see the chasuble, stole, and maniple still. Arrayed in these red and white embroideries, the Abbé approached the makeshift altar; the valet read the responses and the King's last mass went on.

To read the accounts of those last

hours which Edgeworth and Cléry published, is to discover much that the critical sense must reject. Imagination can fob off unfacts upon memory, and often what might or ought to have been is deliberately foisted in among what actually was. The smaller and merely materialistic things are likeliest to be told true. We may be certain that Louis XVI. was not the man to say "How glad I am to possess the Christian principles I do! How should I manage without them now? But with them death itself can seem gentle" ("Relation d'Edgeworth," I. 326). We may be pretty sure that he did not say, "Yes, there exists on high an incorruptible Judge who will know how to render me the justice which men refuse me below." Perhaps the Abbé said that to him, changing the pronouns, and the King answered "Oul." But everywhere in that part of the "Relation" the priest's hand is visible, painting a martyr's halo around the head which was soon to fall. A similar pious "study of imagination" may be seen in an account of the last hours of Charles Stuart. Two hours before daylight he appointed what clothes he would wear in his last journey to Whitehall. "Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary, by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear" ("Memoirs of the Two Last Years," edition 1813). So much is natural and true. But then the account goes on: "I would have no such imputation. I fear not Death! Death is not terrible to me; I bless my God I am prepared!"—the Fra Angelico nimbus again! One can almost see the scribe writhing in "I fear not Death!" and "Death is not terrible to me!" alternatively, and then by carelessness, or desire for emphasis, leaving them both in the page.

The real, stolid Louis XVI. is seen in this, that when at half-past six a

few drums began to sound in the fog which wrapped the streets near the Temple, he said "I expect that's for the National Guard to get together"; he positively listened for his funeral convey to arrive, and opened the door for them before they were ready. Incapable of imagination, all he thought and said was banal prose. He did not need to think of justice, vindication, and the supernatural; confession, mass, and sacrament had assured his mind as to the future, the immediate, human question which troubled his habitual indecision was whether or not to see his wife again? Should he? Was there time? Had he waited too long? He pattered up and down his cell irresolutely. He went to the door and listened. Yes, there was time, just time, but—. He had promised the Queen a last interview, but—. Edgeworth, officiously, perhaps, had suggested that she might not be able to bear it, and "Perhaps you're right, Abbé," the husband said at last. "It might kill her—I'd better deprive myself." But next came some words from the heart. "I'll let her live in ignorance and hope as long as she can." Then his trembling fingers began to fiddle with the last gifts which he had prepared.

It was seven o'clock by now, and a chill brown light fell in down the embrasure. Standing as near the window as he might, the King gave a seal, a ring, and a little packet into the valet's charge. The ring, his "anneau de fiançailles," bore the inscription "M.A.A.A. 19 Aprilis 1770"—Maria Antonia Arciducissa Austriæ, and the date of betrothal. "Give this to the Queen—tell her it hurts me to part with it," he said, his dull composure shaken. The seal bore the arms of France, the helmeted head of a child, and the letters LL. "Give this to the Dauphin"—Court habit did not let him say "my son." Upon the packet he

had written "*cheveux de ma femme, de ma sœur, et de mes enfans*"; the reliquary custom of wearing hair of beloved ones in rings and lockets has passed away, but that had been a precious possession to him. "Give this to the Queen"; his lips trembled. "Say to her and my dear children and sister that I meant to see them again, but it seems it's better not."

It was the valet who wept.

Now there were new sounds below: the guard was being doubled, not changed. Towards half-past eight words of command and the noise of hoofs became audible, as detachments of horse came trampling into the inner courtyard. "Seems as if they're coming now," the King said. Five minutes later the door shook, under heavy knocking, and Louis opened to his *bourreau* himself. There stood Santerre, "Commandant-Général de la Garde Nationale," in his plumed hat, epaulets, and crescent of gold braid; with him entered ten gendarmes and several "Commissaires de la Commune"—a vintner, a clockmaker, a tailor, a stone-cutter, a hosier, an engraver, an architect, a pavior, and one "Jean Baptiste Baudrais, homme de lettres." To him the King handed his will. "Take charge of it,—be kind to my family—protect my valet here, and the rest of my servants. No, Cléry, I shan't want it"—he rejected his overcoat. "Give me my hat."

It was his old three-cornered hat, that he was wearing when he left the Palace of the Tuilleries nearly five months before, at much the same hour; it was the big, soft hat for a head never capable of sustaining a crown. Staunch Swiss and gallant French gentlemen were fighting and falling for him then, that Tenth of August, but he had deserted, there had been "no stroke in him." Stolidly he had deserted; "Marchons," he had said to the Queen, with a slinking,

side-long look; and those about to die for him, gazing through the western windows of the Palace, could see him "placidly hold on his way" across the gardens, the little Dauphin "sportfully kicking the fallen leaves." So now, this January morning, when every leaf is dead, Louis claps on that old hat and mutters "Marchons" again. There had been just an instant of anger in him, he had stamped his foot; but, "Allons, partons!" he says, and goes out almost hastily, forgetting to ask for his gloves; there is no longer a Gentleman of the Wardrobe near him, to hand them to him with an almost Oriental congee.

Twice as he crossed the inner courtyard he turned, to lift his eyes towards the brutal mass of the Temple tower, but the brown gloom of the air prevented seeing or being seen. The poignancy of that minute, even to him! For there, within those lofty walls, at the third story, dwelt his wife and children and sister—"tout ce qu'il avait de plus cher en ce bas monde" Edgeworth wrote in his "Relation," and he was seen to make "un mouvement convulsif comme pour rappeler sa fermeté" (*Semaines Parisiennes*, vol. i. 371). One's eye dims a little at that—the mind of the efficient can soften a little towards his ineptitude; it was not his choice to be born a Bourbon, decadent and incompetent; it was not his fault that he was no Goethe, no Washington, no Pitt. Watch him go faltering through the outer courtyard, with that pottering, indecisive step of his; see how he knocks his head as he climbs into the "carrosse à quatre places et à quatre roues, nuance vert bouteille." The Abbé follows him in, two gendarmes take the opposite seats, the blinds are drawn down, and away through the wet brownness the carriage rolls, escorted by "twelve hundred picked men."

We will follow him awhile, and then avert the eyes; the French Revolution had to be, but it is still no pleasant sight. Eighty thousand *citoyens* armed with muskets and pikes kept the route and prevented rescue or escape. All shops were shut; with "horrible menaces" the escort pointed their weapons towards any door or window that stood ajar. By the Rue du Temple, and what is now the Rue Réaumur, the carriage went; past the Porte St. Martin, the boulevard way, to the Porte St. Denis; past the end of the Rue de Richelieu to the Rue St. Honoré, and thus to the Place de la Révolution—the Place de la Concorde of to-day.

There is a famous etching by Méryon, which shows the Palais-Bourbon, the obelisk, and the colonnade of the Ministère de la Marine, with visionary beings descending through the air upon machines which resemble monoplanes and airships; it is as though the artist foresaw the aerial warfare which must one day antiquate all admiralities and sea-borne vessels of war. Already French Admiralty is decaying again, though the Ministère de la Marine still stands. Place yourself with that building to your left, your face towards the Tuileries gardens, your back to the Champs-Élysées; at about fifteen paces to the rear and left of the obelisk you will occupy part of the exact site upon which the King's scaffold stood. There was then no obelisk in view, but a statue of Louis XIV. instead. The dying King's eye fell on that, and he remembered. We are all of us "throwbacks," in all of us it is "les morts qui parlent," and the thought of what Bourbons had been strung a moribund Bourbon up to the pitch. He gazed upon the ugly instrument of his death, upon the waiting crowds, and then at the strutting figure of his ancestor; he stiffened into French majesty, he became Royal for his last

quarter of an hour. Away in the Temple tower there were women and children wailing, but I think he had lost even mental sight of them. Edgeworth held the crucifix before his "glazing eyes." "Ascend, son of St. Louis!" Race and religion aided him; he

Nothing common did, or mean
Upon that memorable scene.

To this dull, slow, *bourgeois* King, true
cousin of Louis Philippe, it was given
The Cornhill Magazine.

to end bravely, a hero *sans le savoir*. There is just that sunburst; but now the fog and horror close in again. Every martyring is a blunder; had this poor stupid man been allowed to live on, in prison, there might have been no Terror, no Bonaparte, no Trafalgar and death of French admiralty, no "Hundred Days," no Waterloo, no decay of France, no Louis Napoleon, no Sedan.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF MACHINERY.

It is a difficult matter for an unpractised person to isolate for useful analysis any one of the many component parts of what is called The Social Problem; even for the professed student of some particular branch of Reform, I imagine that it must frequently be a temptation to enter as a propagandist other fields than those in which his special qualifications entitle him to a hearing. This tendency to stray from the subject is doubtless due to the inherent complexity of most of the problems that are to-day so insistently demanding a solution, a complexity resulting from the overlapping of great tracts of human experience and activity, the apparent impossibility of assigning permanent and recognizable frontiers to the separate provinces of politics, of economics, of æsthetics, of morals. Modern civilization has, so far, signally failed to replace the mediæval synthesis it has destroyed with one that is capable of supplying a larger sanction than that of local custom or individual opinion, and that is the reason why so many discussions remain sterile, so many excellent enterprises barren of results; for how can there be any effective solidarity among the advocates of reform

in the body politic when their agreement upon the precise form indispensable to the perfect commonwealth is entirely unsupported by any community of opinion on the subject of the perfect man. Neither unwilling nor unable to come to a decision upon this subject, but unimpressed with its fundamental importance; a very large number among the friends of progress and order are constantly finding themselves in the position of being obliged to content themselves with the furtherance of projects but remotely connected with the realization of their heart's desire. Quite large bodies of reformers are frequently found to be united by the slender tie of a single common factor in the most diverse individual programmes; all subscribing with serious inward misgivings to the official formula, in the belief that in the progress of the common undertaking the character of the ninety-nine doubtful ingredients is more or less guaranteed by that of the approved hundredth. It is to this cause that I attribute the general atmosphere of disheartenment and disillusion in which so many reformers are working to-day; an atmosphere which will hardly become revitalized until the fundamental

problem I have touched upon shall have been faced by all. What are the characteristics that you consider of first importance in the individual citizen, and what are the aptitudes that you wish, above all things, to foster in him? for until every one has, at least, asked himself that question seriously he will embark prematurely upon the enterprise of providing suitable institutions for the commonwealth.

That the prophets and pioneers of the era of mechanical industry were hampered by some such deficiency in their equipment, the present aspect of industrial organization has seemed to many observers sufficient evidence; and, if one recoils in their order the steps by which this stage in our progress has been reached, it seems at first sight surprising that its evils were not anticipated and provided against by the disciples and friends of such a man as Adam Smith; for upon the ground plan of an estimate of human nature and its needs such as we find taken for granted in the "Wealth of Nations," it would be unreasonable, I think, to expect a better or indeed a different superstructure than that of the present capitalist system. It was a characteristic of the age in which the earlier economists lived and worked to be preoccupied with the more obvious and the grosser evils of the social system; they were all hypnotized as we have been by the spectacle of the extreme poverty prevailing in the lower ranks of labor and, as a result, they were induced to pursue comfort and hygiene as if they were ends in themselves and as if the key to the whole industrial problem were to be discovered in their attainment. It was natural therefore that the enormous impetus given to production by the discovery of means to yoke the, as yet, unexploited forces of nature to the service of the manufacturer received

their enthusiastic approval and the sanction of their weightiest arguments, for the cheapening of the necessities of life to the very poor by these means represented to them the prime object alike of the statesman and the philanthropist.

There were sound historic reasons, too, for welcoming the new era of free competition, apart from the promised cheapening of commodities; the old civic corporations and trade guilds, all pledged to keep up to an honorable level the standard of local production, had long ago given place to wealthy and avaricious monopolists pledged to keep up nothing but the price and drawing an immense revenue from the necessities of the poorest. Malthus had not yet arisen to shake the confidence of the middle-classes in the "economic harmonies," and it was perhaps, after all, impossible to predict that Competition that came in the guise of an angel of light would one day assume the character and habiliments of Beelzebub. One must remember that although the principles of *laissez-faire* economics find a much less rigid and bigoted champion in Adam Smith than in many of his successors, yet even in his case, with his notably practical philosophy and his sympathetic and humane outlook upon life, allowance must be made for the circumstances under which his second great book was composed. He had seen the immense distress of the agricultural population throughout the greater part of France, the primitive and wasteful methods of the peasantry; he had seen industry fettered by a thousand petty legal obstacles and thwarted by the most arbitrary official interference: in a word, he had observed the bad economic result of restrictions placed upon trade in the interests of private acquisitiveness; had he lived one hundred years later, I do not think it impossible but that he

might have observed the same results springing from the removal of restrictions upon trade in the same interests; but, as it happened, his next experience was of the economic advantages and general prosperity enjoyed in the Province of Languedoc under a system in which all the more galling restrictions had been removed, and it was here and now that his book was begun that was to have so immense an influence upon the direction of industry: from this time forward the development of mechanical industry in England may be observed in the retrospect to advance side by side with the economic theories of its *laissez-faire* apologists, who have all worked upon the foundations laid down by Smith. Many have been the voices raised to oppose their view of human progress and industry. Carlyle, Arnold, and Ruskin, in particular, have all striven to stem the rising tide of commercialism with a bitter, ironical and angry criticism of its materialism, but they failed to offer a sound constructive alternative to the system they decried, and the two first mentioned, at any rate, had no alternative to offer. The present commercial system, if run by the Cadburys and the Levers, would, I think, have escaped Carlyle's disapproval; Matthew Arnold's criticism would have been disarmed if the factory hands could have been persuaded to substitute a course of extension lectures for their Saturday's football, while Ruskin had so little patience with the forms of modern industrial organization that he was unable to bring his imagination to bear on the task of moulding them to his purpose. The ideal plan for introducing a new and unexampled method, such as steam-driven machinery was, a hundred odd years ago, into a trade system, would be to settle beforehand the proper course of action in all the obvious problems its introduction must

occasion and, having examined all the consequences likely to result from those courses, to determine whether or no their advantages outweighed their disadvantages for the community in general and to act accordingly.

To find out, for example, how much labor the machinery will displace, and provide for its training and employment upon other tasks. To find out what sort of labor would be necessary to make the machinery, and to determine how far the work turned out by the machine is a sufficient recompense to the community for the character of that labor, and of the labor requisite to keep the machine going. But such foresight and philanthropic provision would be only likely to exist in a community in which the economic problem in its entirety was under local control, in which the community itself was held responsible by its members in each department of industry, for a satisfactory solution. Such conditions could only obtain under a system in which the *producer* was considered rather than the *consumer*; in which work was held to be worth doing for its own sake and not merely for the sake of providing the individual with the material comforts of life, in which any competition that could disturb local efficiency, independence and progress, would be, from the very nature of the local industrial regulations, automatically excluded at the first sign of its threatening to induce a lower standard in the product and, as a consequence, in the all-round efficiency of the producer. The only industrial system under which the position of machinery could have been thus philosophically determined, and the new force introduced under such stringent and methodical regulation as might suffice to preserve the equilibrium of society and safeguard the best interests of the individual would have been that of the Craft Guilds, and it would

have been, I think, of immense service to the cause of industry if Adam Smith had been the spectator of its heyday rather than of its dishonorable decline. In his day little was left of it but its unenlightened prejudices and ill-earned privileges, and one cannot forget that the impression left on his mind by the Watt case during his tenure of the chair of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow must have caused him to look with suspicion at any form of trade autonomy or at any industrial system of which it was an important factor, and so we miss the temperate and philosophic criticism that we might otherwise have expected from Adam Smith upon the economic principles of medievalism. And this is an immense loss, "though I report it that should hold my peace," to political economy today, for in spite of all the brilliant literature upon the subject that has been published since Smith's time the machine has not yet been "placed." My own view, that there would have been a much better chance for the question to be handled finely and philosophically under a guild system than under the present or capitalist system is supported by one important consideration. In the mediæval economy as we see it displayed in the charters of the older guilds, and as we find it set forth in the great work of Aquinas, we find industry organized apparently in the interests of production, of the *thing made*, but really, with the wisest indirectness, in the interests of the *producer*. Under the capitalist régime we find industry organized apparently in the interests of the consumer, really in the interests of the middleman, the *entrepreneur*, the financier.

To organize in the interests of standard, of all-round human efficiency is, in my opinion, to take the noblest and truest view of the character and capabilities of man. Such an organization would be based upon a conviction

that of all the impulses that stir him to action, the creative, to which comfort, hygiene, and I might add morality, are merely useful accessories, is central and paramount, the impulse that among all the others deserves most of all the fostering and protection of institutions specially designed for that purpose. It is true that if we follow literally the maxim "organize for the greatest happiness of the greatest number," we shall find the consumer class greater than the producer class, but it is only greater because in addition to the consumers who produce it contains the whole riffraff of idleness and incapacity to be found in the ranks of the unemployable rich at one end of the scale and the unemployed poor at the other.

By organizing for the larger category you are lowering your standard of citizenship and helping to create an idle and useless class in the community; moreover, you are providing the profit-hungry financier with a mask of clap-trap disinterestedness that conceals the predatory character of his operations, for it is beneath the banner of a pretended care for the interests of the consumer that this modern captain of industry has led the whole army of labor into the wilderness where he pursues for ever the mirage of material prosperity, where, for ever, happiness, beauty, and "the subtle thing that's Spirit" escape him.

"Happiness, Beauty, Spirit," say the apologists of mechanical industry. "But it is *we* who have brought these things within the reach of the poorest!" Who, indeed, would make a life's work of an art or a craft, so long a task in so short a life, when the humanitarianism of the Radical millionaire and his pocket demagogues has provided an easy solution to your problem of the achievement of totality and fulness by your hitherto cramped emotions and starved experience. Theirs

is an easy solution, a safe harboring from the desperate stress of life upon the high seas of the competitive system.

Utopia, here and now, is a model village, from whose tended gardens the factory chimneys are barely visible; and to enter into delectable possession of your share in such a vision, what are you called upon to sacrifice? Your sturdy democratic independence? Not at all; liberty shall be the very breath you breathe there. Your advanced ideas upon religion and morality? By no means! You will find a labor church, a lodge of theosophists and a branch of the ethical society at Perivale St. Andrews. You will find as well, or I am much mistaken, a natural history museum, a mutual improvement association, a loan collection of pictures, a debating society, and clubs, social, political, athletic; and, if the wages are low, living is cheap and good, and, since there is plenty of work for girls and boys at the factory, the money taken weekly by the family is better than can be discovered in all the country round. As for the work, it is very easy to do; there are only eight hours of it, and the factory is a model of safety and hygiene. The men and boys are machine tenders and clerks, and girls packers and sorters!

From such a future who will deliver the working man of character and ability?

Not all the propagandists of the Independent Labor Party, The Fabian Society, The Social Democratic Federation, or the School of Economics! All the Utopists from Wells to Anatole France look to mechanical industry and collectivism to deliver man from his fetters. They find him, *Homo Artifex*, Man the Creator, in the grip of the competitive system and of the machine; the real tragedy of it, the crushing out of him of the divine creative spark in the *peine forte et dure* of com-

mercialism they have not perceived, and so, in their ideal commonwealths they leave him neat and warm and safe with none of his creature comforts neglected; the arts ready at a button's touch to minister to his whim, and he himself a machine tender for ever! "Shut out of the heaven of spirit," one of prophetic Nietzsche's "ultimate men"! And this is really the goal to which civilization is travelling to-day; in the not far distant future unless "some God to save shall come in thunder from the stars," we shall be discovered mechanically reproducing the half-understood art of our forefathers with no living art or craft in our midst to save us from the stagnation of utter materialism. For, under this régime of the machine and the middleman, why should a man devote the hoarded leisure of a busy life to the anguish of learning the fiddle when for half the price of even a bad violin he can keep Ysaye and Elman in a box on his mantel-shelf? Why should he toil with pencil and colors on his rare holidays when process facsimiles of Tintoretto and Velasquez can be picked up for the week's wages of a crossing-sweeper! It is the same with every art to-day, and to-morrow there will be no beginners, then we shall discover too late the great truth that art is the making of something, not the absorption of something; that the end of art is the painful ecstasy of creation, and that the end of absorption is satiety unless, as artists or craftsmen, we recoin the gold poured out in pain for us, stamping it with the image and superscription of an authentic passion, and giving it again to the world without other recompense than the joys and pangs of creation.

Give thou as I gave thee
Thy life blood and breath,
Green leaves of thy labor, white flowers
of thy thought,
And red fruit of thy Death.

No word upon the lips of humanity would be more true to-day than the paradox "what I gave I have," for the creative force grows in proportion as it is generously expended and, with life itself, dwindles as it is eked out and repressed. To-day we are reaping the harvest that was sown when we abandoned a living tradition for a dead style, when we gave up standard for the sake of cheapness, when we gave up power for the sake of comfort.

That harvest is the gradual dying down of the creative impulse throughout the land. No less in art than in sport to-day it is a question of a few experts and an innumerable multitude of spectators, and that it is all, to a great extent, due to the over exploitation of the machine under an industrial system of free competition I have little doubt.

The machine, as I have said before, needs "placing," and "to place" it to the best human advantage it is necessary to start from a sound estimate of human character, its needs and capacities. It was because human virtue was, from the point of view of Smith and his contemporaries, such a static, negative kind of thing, so full of deadly benevolence, bad taste and maxims for prudent behavior, that machinery got its chance to establish itself in the industrial system without restriction.

"The ultimate truth which science, the divine science, is really in search of," says Edward Carpenter, "is a moral truth, an understanding of what man is, and the discovery of the true relation to each other of all his faculties, involving all experience and an exercise of every faculty physical, intellectual and spiritual," and if this be true it surely behoves us not to leave out of our calculations in preparing the new synthesis that fine flower of creativeness, the natural centre and focus of all the others, which alone, it seems to me, in its developing allows proper

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scope and harmonious inter-relationship to the others.

Broadly I would say, therefore, that the use of any mechanical contrivance which tends to pervert or atrophy, the creative faculty and impulse of the individual without a corresponding and equivalent gain to himself or to the community, is detrimental.

Any machine or appliance that can be used as the tool of an intelligent craftsman I would be inclined to think innocuous, and by tool I mean an implement of such simplicity and ease in handling as not to encroach upon the conscious attention of the worker whose whole mind should be focussed upon the thing he is making, but to consider the qualities employed or dispensed with in the work and in the worker by the use of an implement or machine will, perhaps, provide the best test of its true social utility.

And if we apply this test to the great mass of mechanical industry to-day a very large proportion of it will be seen to be injurious to consumer and producer alike.

It is no blind return to mediævalism that I advocate, but a philosophical examination of its industrial institutions and of the human material they were shaped to administer, so that we may discover any principle of utility in which our own institutions are lacking, and if that examination leads us, as I think it cannot fail to do, especially if we observe the character and quality of the work turned out by those industrial institutions, to attach a vastly greater importance to that attribute of human nature that I have called the creative instinct, then it will be for the trained philosophers and organizers of to-day to suggest such modifications in our own industrial institutions as may give proper scope and suitable opportunities for development to that instinct. *Que messieurs les économistes commencent!*

Edward Spencer.

TRoubles WITH A BEAR IN THE MIDI.

(CONCLUDED).

III.

I will not dwell on the scene that took place next morning, when the cost of torn tyres and nerve-shattered chauffeurs was reckoned up by the proprietor and duly enshrined in writing by the fair *Hélène*. In justice to the bear I must add that his personal charm during the next few days became so enthralling that I forgave him even this expensive escapade, and, if I had been rich, I would have willingly provided him with a fresh motor-tyre for breakfast every morning as long as his life lasted. He was the most docile of all four-footed monsters; his perfect manners were no false and superficial veneer, but the sincere and spontaneous expression of a gentle soul; he began very soon to regard even men in uniform with affability, and I refuse to believe that he would ever have had the heart to plunder a beehive. Everyone in the hotel except the proprietor and the mangled chauffeur became devoted to him; even the Beautiful Lady's maid, a highly nervous Parisian with a waist like a wasp, was detected in the act of going alone to present him with some smuggled delicacy. He contrived to upset entirely all one's preconceived ideas of the nature of bears; he was never surly, and if he ever hugged any one in the course of his life I am absolutely sure that the embrace was a result of the most whole-hearted affection.

The proprietor, as I have said, remained cold, but though he grumbled because the second garage was occupied, he did not insist that its inmate should find new quarters. I believe that very soon he became secretly gratified by the interest which the inhabitants of the town and various distinguished strangers displayed towards

his queer guest, and when the great man of the district (who was actually a poet: Provence is a marvellous country!) requested an interview with the animal, he even condescended to act as showman, and took to himself all the credit for the bear's vastly improved condition. The great man seemed of the opinion that the bear had been foolish in exchanging a vagabond career for the bourgeois fleshpots of hotel life, and wrote a little poem, in Provençal, to that effect. The manuscript, I believe, still hangs in the dining-room. Meanwhile, my influence over the animal waxed wonderfully; he would come when I called, and used to follow me about the yard, greatly to the joy of sundry small boys who were perpetually squinting through the chinks of the big door. He was so tame that sometimes I did not trouble to lock the door,—a sin of omission which eventually resulted in disaster. The Beautiful Lady would frequently descend from her bower and join these promenades, and whenever she did so the idea that I could possibly have refrained from buying the bear seemed ridiculous and wicked.

So, for a week, all was joy: the bear's wounds became healed, he grew in grace and consumed great quantities of the cook's savory mess, and the Beautiful Lady postponed her departure in order to enjoy the pleasures of his society. One morning, however, a cloud came over these fair skies: he refused to eat or to walk, and sat gazing at the wall of his home with a heartrending air of severe boredom. He persisted in this melancholy attitude for the whole day, and then we held a consultation. The fair *Hélène*, always romantic, was of the opinion that the poor beast was pining for a female companion, and earnestly ex-

horted me to procure one. "Imagine," she said, "all the dear little infants." But the Beautiful Lady and I agreed that the sufferer was in need of exercise and the amusement that follows a change of scene. "He is used to walking and meeting many people," said the Beautiful Lady. "You must take him for a little excursion." I quite appreciated her remark that a walk through the town with a bear would be a novel experience and would make me even more famous (there had been already several delicious descriptions in the local papers of my scene with the Basque); but I am by nature shy and self-effacing, and I must own that when she suggested the promenade I thought of the cook, who was very fond of Toto and obviously in some need of exercise. . . . The cook, when I approached him privily, said with rapture that he would undertake the affair; but just when I was rejoicing at having obtained so ready an assent, his brow clouded, he smacked his thigh loudly, and exclaimed that the expedition was one which his wife would never permit. She would imagine that he was cutting a ridiculous figure in the eyes of his fellow-citizens. The end of it was that I had to take Toto myself.

He allowed himself to be muzzled and chained without uttering a protest, but it was apparent that he did not share our theory as to his need of healthy exercise. I managed to urge him as far as the middle of the square, and there he most conclusively and conspicuously sat down. In vain I tugged at his chain and addressed him alternately with withering malediction and melting endearment; he refused to move. Precisely at this delicious moment a party of lynx-eyed tourists from my own, my native land invaded the square in two waggonettes. I carefully refrained from seeing them; but the Beautiful Lady (who was en-

gaged in prodding Toto with her parasol) and my English shooting-coat were far too vivid features in the foreground. The waggonettes halted close to me, and a voluble quacking arose from their occupants. Without any hesitation, the Beautiful Lady walked majestically towards the tourists and invited them to come to my assistance, but before they could recover breath to answer I had raised Toto to his legs, and dragged him with convulsive pushing and hauling down a small side street, where most of the innocent youth and pride of the town were engaged in playing some game of chance in the gutter. Toto moaned piteously, and the youth and pride aforesaid ran as I can never hope to see children run again. In five seconds the street was empty; in ten seconds every window framed the eloquent countenance of a highly excited mother. I took off my hat at least fifty times in the most rapid possible succession, and when Toto sat down I was able at last to find charity in my soul for the Basque and his steel spike. I looked round for the Beautiful Lady. She was not in sight; possibly she was still explaining matters to the tourists. In the immortal words of the young hero of melodrama, I had to see this thing through Alone.

We emerged at last from that haunted street on to the river bank, which was full in the sun and, as I expected, deserted at that hour of the morning. Here, as sitting down would have caused me no annoyance, the malicious Toto mended his pace, and towed me in a manner which gave me my first knowledge of the amount of strength which he really possessed. Our progress, though undignified, was uneventful, until we met a mule drawing a cart which contained a sleeping peasant. The mule, on perceiving Toto, uttered a loud snort of surprise and rose in the air like Pegasus; the peas-

ant, equally promptly, descended with a thud to his native soil. I dropped Toto's chain and made for the mule's head; Toto shambled off down the riverside and the mule attempted to bite me, but became quiet as soon as the bear withdrew from his vicinity. The peasant was quite uninjured and still only half-awake; I informed him that his mule had shied at my little pet dog, pressed a two-franc piece into his hand, and set off to capture Toto, who had disappeared in a small clump of bushes on the edge of the river.

By this time I was excessively hot, and I resolved that as soon as I had retrieved the animal from his bosky lair, I would return at once to the hotel. The grove of bushes, though small, was thickly planted, and though I could hear Toto snorting and groaning within it, I could not locate him accurately until I had gone down on my hands and knees and thrust my head through the lower branches, when I was able to see him sitting in his fat-lady attitude and swaying pensively to and fro. I called him, but he was obviously well-contented with his leafy bower, and pretended not to hear me. This pleasant pastime continued for some minutes, during which I became hotter, I suppose, than any one in this world ever was before, and at last I lost my temper and used violent language. Toto instantly began to sink into blissful slumber. I was on the point of wriggling through the bushes and dragging him out by force when a peremptory voice from the road, which was immediately above us, caused me to emerge partially from my ambush and look up.

I saw then that a somewhat corpulent personage in the uniform of a gendarme was standing on the edge of the road. My attitude at the moment was sufficiently bizarre, but the expression on the face of the personage betrayed neither suspicion nor amusement; it

was perfectly passive, but intimated, in some way, that he was quite prepared to deal successfully with any emergency that might arise. He seemed to have sprouted magically from the earth, and I was so greatly astonished by his sudden appearance that I remained on my hands and knees and stared at him blankly.

"Monsieur has without doubt lost something?" he inquired after a moment.

I rose to my feet slowly, trying to think of some expedient which would induce him to depart. It was highly probable that he was already aware of a mad foreigner who kept a bear in the hotel, and if he discovered that the mad foreigner had lost control of the animal on a public thoroughfare there would be trouble. Possibly he had been put on my track by the infuriated mothers of the town. I was so hot and irritated, however, that I resolved to stake everything on one desperate lie, and to trust that some kind fate would lead the gendarme out of sight before Toto took it into his head to move.

"A thousand thanks," I said, raising my hat, "but I have lost nothing. I am a botanist, and these bushes have a peculiar interest for botanists."

"Ah! a botanist? I demand pardon," he said politely. I was certain then that he had no suspicion of Toto's presence, but I was not nearly so certain that he had accepted my explanation. There was doubt in his eye; he walked away for a few steps and then returned.

"I thought that I heard monsieur uttering cries," he said.

I smiled at him confidentially. "Not cries," I said, "but exclamations of discomfort. It is regrettable that you should have heard them, but it is very hot and the branches struck me in the face."

My solitary accomplishment is that

of speaking fluent French, and I said the above sentences so glibly, and with such an intensely natural intonation, that I believe the gendarme really for a moment believed my botanical lie. He saluted and seemed about to retire, when from the grove of trees there arose a loud and melancholy series of groans, followed by the sound of twigs that broke beneath the impact of a heavy body. Before I had time even to revile my evil star Toto came rolling through the leafage, stood blinking in the sunlight for a moment, and then sat down contentedly beside me. The gendarme did not utter a sound of surprise, but he regarded the affecting scene below him with an offended eye.

"So this," he said, "is one of monsieur's botanical specimens. I have already heard of monsieur."

I threw up my hands. "Well, the truth is out," I said; "the fact is that when I first saw you, monsieur, I imagined that you would wish to incarcerate my bear, who escaped for a moment whilst I was arresting a runaway mule. But now that we have conversed together I know that you are not a man of that type. You see for yourself that the bear is muzzled and that he is the gentlest of all beasts." And I made Toto lay his head on my knees whilst I stroked his ears. The gendarme was visibly interested and came nearer.

"He is certainly tame," he murmured, and I assured him that he could pat the animal. He stooped to do so, but alas! at that moment Toto's old dislike of uniforms was born anew. He rose on all fours, made a resentful plunge, and became hopelessly involved amid the legs of the gendarme. Next moment that personage had fallen heavily and Toto was shuffling away along the road. When I had caught him the gendarme had picked himself up, and having brushed the dust from his clothes marched

towards us with immense dignity.

"You will hear more of this," he said curtly. "The animal is dangerous. I command you to take him home instantly." He glared at me for a moment and then departed along the road. Toto and I trailed sorrowfully homeward amid the applause of the populace, and for the rest of the day I was haunted by the fear of fine or imprisonment. But the only result of the episode was that I received a note from the Chief of Police informing me that Toto would not be permitted to parade in the streets. The Beautiful Lady was highly indignant, and wanted to answer the letter, but I managed to dissuade her from this rash and futile course.

IV.

That dismal promenade, which was the greatest mental strain that I have ever been called upon to endure, seemed to have done wonders for Toto. He recovered his appetite and his affability, and wore a perpetual expression of such good humor that even Hélène became convinced that he no longer suffered from the pangs of cell-bacy. But though our affection for him increased every day, a bitter foreboding began to poison the cup of pleasure. The brother of the Beautiful Lady was anxious to return to Paris, and I had already missed several engagements in London. The question of Toto's future became a haunting obsession. If only I had been the proud possessor of an ancestral estate, as the Beautiful Lady had imagined, the problem would have been easily solved, but at that time I inhabited a small set of chambers on the fourth floor in the Temple, and I was quite convinced that the legal atmosphere of those antique groves would be very bad for a bear, and doubted the tolerance of the Benchers. I wrote to all my acquaintances who possessed

ancestral estates, and they sent me charming letters in return, promising to find some friend with a passion for bears; but they all shied badly at the animal. One bold spirit, indeed, volunteered to adopt Toto; but as he seemed to think that the poor brute could exist comfortably in a small hen-coop I declined the offer with thanks. For the same reason I was reluctant to apply to the authorities of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris or the Zoological Gardens in London; the idea of Toto as a public spectacle in a cage and growing daily more bilious with buns was intolerable. It was bad enough to have to part with him at all, but at any rate I would arrange for his declining years to be spent in comfort.

At length the Beautiful Lady and her brother departed after a heart-rending scene of farewell in the second garage. She promised to find a home for the bear as soon as she reached Paris,—promised, too, to write incessantly demanding news of him. She sent some sweets from a shop in the Avenue de l'Opéra which made Toto very sick, but I never heard from her again. *Sunt lacrimæ rerum.* Day after day passed, but still no beneficent foster-parent glowed like a sun on the horizon, and at last I became desperate, and began seriously to contemplate the prospect of becoming a naturalized citizen of Provence, and of passing the remainder of my days in rustic seclusion with Toto. But Fate and the French Government conspired to prevent this sequel.

It befell that, about a week after the departure of the Beautiful Lady, a Saint's Day was celebrated in the town and was the occasion for a large influx of peasantry from the surrounding villages which knew not Toto. Shortly before sunset the peasants had assembled in the market-place, and were presumably engaged in drinking to the spiritual health of the saint ere they

departed for their homes. It was the hour of Toto's evening walk in the yard; unmuzzled, he was roaming thoughtfully to and fro, rubbing himself as he went against the walls, whilst I sat on an inverted bucket and contemplated him with melancholy pride. The yard door, which gave egress to the square, was shut. Beyond it I could hear the loud hum of gossip which rose from the assembled villagers.

Suddenly the door of the yard was partially opened and a man's face appeared in the aperture. Probably because it was excessively dirty I recognized the Basque at once. He stood for a moment watching the bear and grinning unpleasantly, and as it occurred to me that he wanted to see his old companion once more and to apologize for his own former behavior, I called to him to come in. He looked at me, still grinning, and shook his head; then, putting his fingers to his lips, he gave a long shrill whistle. Toto, who had not observed his old tormentor, jumped round as if a hornet had stung him, stared for a moment at the Basque, and then made for the door at a pace for which I should never have given him credit. When, however, he reached the place where the Basque was standing, I suppose that some memory of the iron spike must have revived in his besotted skull, for he bolted past the ruffian, squeezed through the half-opened door, and vanished from my sight. Ten seconds later I heard a vigorous and combined yell of astonishment ascend from the market-place, and I reached the door in time to witness a very smart stampede of men, women, children, horses, dogs, cats, and mules, combined with an instantaneous collapse of sweet-stalls, cray-fish-and-snail stalls, a newspaper kiosk, and most of the tables and chairs in the café. I was rewarded also with the agreeable spec-

tacle of several honorable and bulky citizens in the act of climbing trees, and of others, not less bulky and honorable, who precipitated themselves over the railings that protected the statue in trousers. Meanwhile Toto, proceeding at a lively gallop, twice completed the circuit of the market-place, and gave vent, for the first time since I had known him, to a most blood-curdling sequence of roars. The sight of the Basque had evidently shaken up his nervous system very seriously. After these engaging evolutions he sat down (*à la F.L.*), and allowed me to approach and to capture him. I imprisoned him in the garage and returned to the market-place, and then bulky and honorable citizens crawled painfully down trees and over railings, and said things to me which it is not fitting to reproduce.

I had a dismal suspicion that this was the End of All, and I was right. Early next morning I received a polite but highly formal document which entreated me to step round and interview the Chief of Police. It was brought to me by my old friend the gendarme, who listened to my somewhat sickly jests with a non-committal air, and marched heavily behind me when I went to visit his superior. The Chief of Police, a handsome gentleman with a gray moustache, was polite but firm. The animal, he said, had become a source of public danger, and must be removed from the town. When I explained that an order for Toto's removal was tantamount to banishing his owner, the Chief of Police offered me his regrets, but was quite inexorable. Toto had either to go or to be executed as an enemy of mankind. If the latter horrible event happened, said the Chief of Police, I might apply to the Government for compensation. But he did not look as if he thought that I should obtain it. He gave me two days in which to make

my plans, and promised that he would use his influence to make things easy for me. Only the bear must go. The inhabitants of the town had begun to insist. He had heard all the history of Toto, and when once his ultimatum had been pronounced, was extremely courteous and sympathetic, and actually concluded the interview by asking me to lunch. I accepted, and found that his wife was as charming as himself, and that he had two adorable little girls who were wildly eager to adopt the bear. Next morning he wrote to me saying that if I wished to convey Toto to Paris he could arrange with the railway company for a kind of horse-box to be placed at my disposal. I gladly took advantage of this kindness, for my celebrity in the town had by this time become extremely embarrassing. In a directory I discovered the address of a keeper of live-stock who lived in Paris, and I telegraphed, asking if he was prepared to meet Toto at the Gare de Lyon and to support him in luxury for a week. To my surprise and relief he answered in the affirmative.

Over the harrowing scene of departure I prefer to draw a discreet veil. Suffice it to say that the fair Hélène wept, that the maids wept, that the cook was deeply moved, and that even the proprietor had his emotions. The journey passed without incident, probably because Toto had been drugged with innumerable delicacies before starting. I went to inspect him through a grill in the door whenever the train stopped at a station, and on each occasion I found him plunged in profound stupor. He created a small sensation when he reached the Gare de Lyon, but he was still torpid, and very soon we were discovered by the keeper of live-stock, who drove us away in a malodorous van. I found that he was able to give the bear comfortable quarters, and, after bidding Toto good-

night, I drove to my hotel. Toto displayed no emotion at my departure.

My luck, or Toto's, held good, for next morning I found a letter which promised an admirable future for him. An Englishwoman who possessed a large country house near Besançon had heard from a friend of my difficulty, and wrote to offer a home for him that was to be either temporary or permanent, according to my wishes. I had heard of her as an enthusiastic Female Suffragist, and for a moment I was visited by fears that she would make Toto walk in processions as a specimen of the Effete Male or the Typical Brute of a husband. But she sent her own husband (who was certainly not a brute) to meet Toto, and he fell an easy victim to the charms of the bear. Toto now fattens slowly in a luxurious domestic atmosphere, far from his Pyrenean home, and far

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from the ancient town where he emerged for a fortnight into the glare of fame.

Our parting scene was brief, and we set an iron restraint on our emotions; it was said, however, that he pined for me for a while, and until I lost him I never realized how strong a fascination he possessed. Someday, I hope I shall see him; perhaps, if I live and do well and become the owner of a park that is not ancestral, I may comfort his declining years. But the mists of the future are heavy, and who shall reckon on the constancy of bears? The subject is omitted in all bestiaries. One thing only I know, that if the company of this species of animal is expensive, sensational, and teeming with anxious moments, his absence is the cause of boredom, yearning and vain regret. With which moral I drop my theorbo.

St. John Lucas.

THE DREAM OF PERPETUAL PEACE.

Year by year for nigh two milleniums the Christmas message of "Peace on earth, goodwill towards man" has sounded in the ears of Christendom. For nigh two milleniums Christian men have listened, at first with an instant hope, afterwards with a hope deferred. For the converts of the early Church their warfare was not of this world; the weapons of earthly war were the weapons of Antichrist, which it was unlawful for them to wield, unnecessary too, since the dominion of Antichrist was destined so soon to be overthrown by the second advent of the Son of God. Then, with the conversion of Constantine, came a change. The idea of the speedy Second Coming had receded with the centuries; Rome itself, under a Christian emperor, became the visible embodiment on earth of the Chris-

tian state; the peace of Christ, so far as it was conceived as a political ideal, seemed to be identified with the *pax Romana*. The sack of Rome in 410 by Alaric and his Goths, had it happened two centuries earlier, might have seemed to the Christians the overthrow of Antichrist; to the Christians of the fifth century, as to Jerome in his cell, it seemed rather the beginning of his temporary triumph. Augustine of Hippo, stirred by the necessity of confuting the pagan outcry of "We told you so," issued to the world his vision of the City of God, the universal Church-State, which was to replace the old secular power of Rome, the vision which the papal monarchy of the Middle Ages sought to realize.

Certainly peace did not ensue, but the idea of peace was never lost sight of. Amid the turmoil of racial strife

which marked the break-up of the old Empire; amid the armed conflict of petty ambitions which characterized the "confusion loosely organized" of the feudal age; amid the clash of dynastic and national rivalries which issued in the modern States system of Europe, the vision never wholly faded. The mediæval "truce of God," by forbidding fighting during certain sacred seasons; the abortive condemnation by ecclesiastical authority of the gratuitous bloodshed of tournaments; even the polite fiction by which soldier-bishops like Odo of Bayeux, as figured in the famous tapestry, fought only with the mace so as to avoid un-Christian "shedding of blood"—all this served to keep alive the Christian ideal of "peace on earth." As its visible symbol, moreover, for a thousand years there was the Holy Roman Empire, early shattered, it is true, surviving for centuries as little more than a national German kingship, and sinking ultimately into a condition in which, to quote Voltaire, it was "neither Holy, nor Roman, nor an Empire," yet remaining until its abolition in 1806, theoretically at least, the "center of political unity."

But, to tell the truth, this venerable figure of the "great and pacific" Emperor had been too long a make-believe for its disappearance to excite more than formal or sentimental emotion—outside Germany. There had been "projects of perpetual peace" in plenty for a hundred years before the Holy Empire disappeared, and in none did the Emperor appear even as a figure-head. The "grand design" of Henri IV.'s Minister Sully and the *Projet de traité pour rendre la paix perpétuelle*, published in 1713 by the Abbé de St. Pierre, are the true prototypes of the various projects with which the world is now being flooded, mainly from the other side of the Atlantic. They are based on the idea of a federation, or

"republic," of Christian States, with a central council and executive—very much on the model of the German Confederation as constituted at Vienna in 1815. It is said that when the Abbé de St. Pierre submitted his scheme to Cardinal Fleury that statesman observed that an essential article had been omitted, namely, one providing for the conversion of princes to his views. The example of Henri IV. might, indeed, have been contagious, had it not been suspected that the "grand design" was, in fact, aimed against the preponderance of Austria. As it was, it was nigh on a century before the apostles of the peace propaganda made an Imperial convert in Alexander I. of Russia, and the world was enabled to witness an actual experiment in the application of their ideas.

The spokesmen of the modern peace movement have either never heard of the Holy Alliance, or they affect to regard it as no more than a hypocritical conspiracy of tyrants against the liberties of the people. Yet the action of the Emperor Nicholas II. in summoning the first international conference at the Hague was avowedly based on the example of his illustrious predecessor Alexander I. and inspired by the principles of the Holy Alliance. Now these principles, which do no more than proclaim the duty of Christian rulers to take the Gospel of Christ for their guide, are unexceptionable: it was only when the question arose of how they were to be translated into practice that the differences appeared which ended by wrecking the short-lived experiment in a confederation of Europe under a central executive consisting of the Powers forming the Grand Alliance.

It is clear that the results of this experiment, however different may have been the circumstances in which it was made, have a very practical bearing on the question of how far the

idealistic programmes now set forth have any chance of realization. These programmes, indeed, have both in their origin and in their provisions a singular resemblance to that which Alexander attempted to impose on his reluctant fellow-sovereigns of the Alliance. Though Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Ginn, and their acolytes do not, like the peace prophets of the early nineteenth century, use the language of the Apocalypse or affect to see in any particular "mailed fist" the hand of Antichrist, they are equally inspired by what they regard as obviously the only Christian principle. So far, indeed, we have no quarrel with them. It is only when they insist that this principle must forthwith be translated into practice, on the lines laid down by themselves out of the depths of their inexperience of affairs, that we venture to point them to that past experience, which we call history, in correction of a propaganda which, as at present conducted, is likely to defeat its own purpose.

The scheme set out under the auspices of the International School of Peace at Boston, the headquarters of the movement in America, includes the union of all States in one great federation, with a central executive, a central assembly containing representatives of all States, big and little, and an international police to enforce its decrees. That is to say, the scheme is practically the same as that advocated in every congress from Aix-la-Chapelle to Verona by the Emperor Alexander, as the logical outcome of the principles of the Holy Alliance which all the Powers had signed. It was never tried in its entirety, partly because it was rightly regarded as visionary, partly—and this is the significant point—because the other Powers saw in it only a stratagem of Alexander to secure the hegemony of Europe through his preponderating influence

among the representatives of the petty States in the Central Assembly. It was, however, tried within the narrower limits of the Grand Alliance, and with what results? Peace, indeed, was preserved, and in the exhaustion following the Napoleonic wars this was a gain of incalculable value to the world; but it was preserved at the cost of stereotyping conditions felt to be intolerable, of laying a heavy hand on any motions towards change, because these were supposed to endanger that "stability" which, in the interests of the general peace, it was the mission of the allied Powers to preserve. At first it was only "external" change that was opposed; but by a development wholly logical the principle of European control was presently extended to internal changes, such as revolutions "from below," likely to have an external effect—a principle consecrated in the famous Troppau Protocol of 1820. The principle was repudiated on behalf of Great Britain by Castlereagh, who flatly refused to have anything to do with "a European police of this description," and this repudiation, accentuated by his successor Canning, ultimately broke up the Alliance. Had Great Britain—which is inconceivable—consented to admit this claim of collective Europe to interfere, uninvited, with the liberties of sovereign States, it is possible that the nightmare of the Liberal Opposition in Parliament might have been realized, and that London might have witnessed "Cossacks encamped in Hyde Park" to prevent the passage of the great Reform Bill. From the point of view of collective Europe at that period such an intervention would have been completely justified.

The contrary argument, of course, is that conditions have wholly changed; that the struggles of the past century in Europe have issued in a demarcation of boundaries, which marches

fairly with national divisions; that the rest of the world is divided, so far as it is legitimately divisible, into protectorates and spheres of influence in such a way as to obviate conflicts between civilized Powers about them; in short, that the time is ripening for another Holy Alliance, this time of peoples and not of princes, based on the same principle of maintaining the *status quo*. Into this alliance it is assumed that the sovereign nations, so soon as their "moral" education shall have been completed, will enter as willingly as the American States entered the American Union and the German States the German Confederation. We believe that these assumptions are wholly wrong. The political boundaries even of Europe are only less artificial than those which the treaties of 1815 defined, and any attempt to base a permanent international system upon them would be foredoomed to failure as certainly as the experiment of the Grand Alliance. Nor is there any true analogy between a national federation, such as those of America and Germany, and a world-federation of the kind suggested. The former is cemented by that particularist and national sentiment which is the very antithesis of the cosmopolitan spirit which alone would make the latter possible. Great composite States, like the Roman Empire, the Napoleonic Em-

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pire, or the British *Raj* in India, have only been held together so long as the dominant power was able to enforce peace among its elements. A universal empire, like that of Rome or that projected by Napoleon, is conceivable; or the supreme dominion might be put into commission as in the case of the Grand Alliance after 1815. But, to judge by past experience, the omens are not favorable for either experiment. Nor, if they were favorable, should we think that any such system would make for the health of the world. The immense progress of the last century has been largely due to the wholesome rivalry of the nations. We heartily welcome any sane efforts to keep this rivalry within the bounds of friendly competition and to substitute peaceful methods for war in settling international differences, wherever this is possible without detracting from the sovereign independence of the nations. But, in our opinion, this sovereign independence, like the liberty of the individual, is a God-given trust not lightly to be surrendered, the proper fulfilment of which is the true function of the Christian State, which must be prepared, if need be, to risk all in its defence. Peace on earth we desire; but we believe that, while the world remains what it is, its discipline requires the possibility of war.

"BONE OF MY BONE."

In those sweet Victorian days, that look so easy and innocent now, good, kind teachers used to say that "wife" meant "the weaver"; and they would draw a picture of gentle womanhood moving gracefully to and fro beside the loom, weaving raiment or tapestries of exquisite design and color, something

in the William Morris style. They told their students, too, that "Lady" meant "the loaf-giver." Whereas tender philosophers used to cry, "Bless her dear heart!" and again they would draw a picture of beneficent dames in kirtle, stomacher, and farthingale (or whatever they wore in those chival-

rous ages), stepping down the hall to present the fragrant loaves to kneeling varlets with gratefully uplifted eyes. How happy everyone was to hear it! Each vision was as good as a Christmas card with a robin in the foreground and a snowy church behind; or as a Dickens Christmas carol, with a savor of roast goose and punch; or as a glimpse of the real old cheapingstead, resurrected by arts and crafts. Why did time and truth come to change it all so savagely?

Cruel professors tell us now that they do not exactly know what "wife" means. They are quite sure it has nothing to do with weaving. They say we get the same word in "woman," which was "wifman," and we have heard them connect it with something that meant "to tremble." So, too, with "Lady"; not "loaf-giver," they say, but "toller at the kneading-trough." In place of that gracious donor of free meals, we are given a poor drudge, with arms stuck deep in sticky dough. In place of that elegant executant of medieval Liberty stuffs, we are shown a cowering, shivering victim of male brutality or passion. We are back at the stage of forest savagery, such as Africa still shows, where all day long you may hear the woman pounding, pounding at the maize with her four-foot pestle, worked with both arms, while strapped between her shoulders a baby joggles its black head at every blow, and her husband plays a native variety of "Archer-up" with beans upon the sand. Or, worse still, we are back in the twilight of an oozing cavern, to which a shaggy creature has dragged by her hair a creature only less shaggy, and, standing over her with a log, whereto he has spliced a jagged flint, presents a scene most shocking to genteel sensibilities.

In his little book on "The Wife in Ancient and Modern Times" (Williams & Norgate), Mr. Ernest Schuster does not

take us so far in time or space as those disturbing etymologists. Still less does he show us glimpses of the dimly discerned æons when, as we may suppose, incipient man followed the analogy of other beings, among whom the female holds the power, and the male lays himself out to attract her notice by superior personal recommendations of color, crest, or agility in dancing. It is the cock robin upon whose breast a fuller crimson comes in the spring; the wanton cock lapwing that in the same season gets himself another crest; and the gentleman crane that gyrates so elegantly to win favor in the eyes of the supercilious "demoiselle." Or go to the bee, you fashionable lady; consider her ways and be wise; how she feeds the silly drones that preen themselves in sunny idleness, proud of their beautiful eyes and golden, tawny hair, fattening on milk and honey, till the fated hour comes and, the function of one among them being fulfilled, with virgin joy she stings and bites and scratches all the rest to death, clearing their pretty corpses from the hive as so much untidy lumber and rubbish that must be dusted up. Excellent also was the old belief that the she-adder, when she had enough of him, bit off the head of her adoring and trustful mate. His burnished coppery scales, the dark brown diamonds all down his sinuous back, availed him nothing. One sharp snap, and the weary monotony of matrimonial life was broken for ever; for the female of that species at all events was more deadly than the male.

So it has been through most of creation, or perhaps through all, till the level of man was reached. The radiant wing, the flowing mane, the neck clothed with thunder, the mellifluous song, the earth-shaking roar, and all the other charms of beauty, voice, and gracefulness—what were they but male tributes to the domination and

supremacy of the eternal feminine, which herself had no need of such artful aids to attractiveness? Why the paragon of animals alone has reversed the process—why, among civilized tribes like ours, it is the feminine that grows the flowing mane, and has or puts the fuller crimson on her cheek, and sticks the wanton lapwing's crest upon her head, and flaunts the radiance of the male butterfly, as though with outspread, quivering wings—therein lies the long tragedy of woman. And that tragedy had completed its first act ages before Mr. Schuster's history opens; for he begins with Eden.

He tells us that the oldest records treating of the usages of civilized peoples with regard to the position of married women are to be found in the Old Testament. It may be so, though we should have thought Egyptian and even Assyrian records might be older. However, he proceeds:—

The customs there delineated are the outward embodiment of views which in our days are not in accordance with the principles of either the Christian or the Jewish religion; as, therefore, no intelligent person, whatever his faith may be, would look upon these views and customs as the result of a divine command, no religious feelings will be hurt by a candid criticism of them.

Again, we say, it may be so; and we cannot speak for Jewish principles. But in regard to Christian practice, we know very well that the customs thus delineated in early Hebrew legends and laws have rather confirmed the subjection of women by giving it the appearance of divine sanction. The story of Creation and the Fall—the "rib," the "helpmeet," Eve's temptation and special punishment, the injunction, "Thy will shall be subject to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee"—have permeated not only our literature but our nurseries, so that for generations the baby girl has started handi-

capped with assumed inferiority. The worst of all was that St. Paul extended the imagined sanction into Christianity, and supported his ascetic dislike of women by the misbehavior of Eve. "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection," he wrote to Timothy, "for Adam was first formed, then Eve; and Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression." Again, he wrote to Corinth that the head of the woman was the man because the woman was created for the man; and he went so far as to say that a wife has no power of her own body—a principle repeated with emphasis by St. Chrysostom, incorporated into our own law until the Jackson case, and still commonly maintained in practice, as we see in M. Brieux's plays. Writing to Ephesus, also, St. Paul commanded wives to submit themselves unto their husbands as unto the Lord—an order surely more perilous to us men even than to women, and very difficult to live up to.

Mr. Schuster is clearly right in saying that the views thus expressed are not in accordance with the spirit of the religion of Christ; but in uncritical days they have been equally accepted, and, as we said, they have permeated our literature and household life. We find them, for instance, in Milton, whose influence upon our religious thought has, perhaps, been second only to the Bible itself. "He for God only, she for God in him," is a line that has done much execution in its time; and even in his treatise on divorce, so great and daring in many ways, we find this masculine aspect solely considered:—

"In a case where the wife's mind is irresponsible," he writes, paying no attention to the irresponsible husband, "the solitariness of man which God had namely and principally ordered to prevent by marriage, hath no remedy, but

lies under a worse condition than the loneliest single life. . . . Lest, therefore, so noble a creature as man should be shut up incurably under a worse evil by an easy mistake in that ordinance which God gave him to remedy a less evil, reaping to himself sorrow while he went to rid away solitariness, it cannot avoid to be concluded that such a marriage can be no marriage."

But though exaggerated by subsequent Fathers, eremites, celibates, monastic orders, and other Puritans, the Pauline aspect of marriage does not appear to have differed widely from the average opinion of the Hellenic and Roman culture with which St. Paul was at least partially familiar. In Homeric times, as in later Sparta, it is true, the wife had considerable freedom and respect; but even Homeric heroes gave away their daughters and scores of other women as bribes or prizes, each woman being reckoned, as in modern Zululand, at so many oxen or copper cauldrons. In later Greece the noblest minds saw further. Plato proclaimed equal association for all women with men, and opportunity according to their physical strength. Aristotle defined marriage as a community of life as a whole. The cry of Aristophanes for "Votes for Women" was only half-mockery. No subsequent dramatist has analyzed the tragedy and ironic comedy of womanhood so subtly as Euripides—none, at least, until we come to Ibsen and Brieux. Consider again the unaltering words of Medea to the women of Corinth:—

Of all things upon earth that breathe
and grow,
A herb most bruised is woman. We
must pay
Our store of gold, hoarded for that one
day,
To buy us some man's love; and lo,
they bring
A master of our flesh! There comes
the sting
Of the whole shame . . .

Home never taught her that—how best
to guide

Towards peace this thing that sleepeth
at her side. . . .

And then, forsooth, 'tis they that face
the call

Of war, while we sit sheltered, hid
from all

Peril. False mocking! Sooner would
I stand

Three times to face those battles,
shield in hand,

Than bear one child.

Genius could see so far, but the very
pity and indignation of genius reveal
the current habits and opinion of the
time.

So too in Rome; Cicero's letters to his wife are sometimes friendly and charming. Pliny's letters are more; they might have been written by a sensitive and passionate lover of to-day. But, on the other hand, we vaguely remember that some Roman (we think a Metellus) proposed in the Senate that pro-consuls or generals should be allowed to take their wives to the provinces. "It is true," he added, for fear of being thought chivalrous, "we should all be glad to do without such plagues (*molestia*) if only we could," and, in a similar sense, Mr. Schuster quotes from Juvenal:—

So you would marry, Posthumus?
What fancy plagues you to take a wife
—so long as there are ropes to hang
yourself with, high windows to throw
yourself down, and bridges over the
Tiber so conveniently near?

Roman law, especially under the Empire, was certainly in advance of the satirists; indeed, it was, in some respects, in advance of the laws of Europe, or at least of England, now.

In this little book, Mr. Schuster does not touch upon the marriage laws in Moslem, Hindu, or Chinese lands. They, too, make a sad and significant study, as do the secretive customs and superstitious taboos under which women have suffered in nearly all sav-

age races, and obscurely suffer among us still. But in brief chapters, Mr. Schuster does trace out the leading principles of German, French and English law in regard to wives. Except in the one vital point of inequality and expense of divorce, he thinks that, on the whole, the English law since 1882 has borne less hardly on women than in other countries. Some day we should like to consult him as to the comparative laws about parentage (the English father being the sole parent under marriage, and not a parent at all unless marriage has taken place); about the law of wages which in Ger-

The Nation.

many, we believe, gives the wife a claim upon the employer for a fraction of the husband's pay; and a few other points of difference.

On the title-page of his book, Mr. Schuster has inscribed a Greek line from Euripides. "Honor is coming to the race of women," chanted the chorus as they circled before the stage upon the Acropolis of Athens. Two thousand three hundred years have passed since first that prophecy was sung, and still we hear people complaining that women are so impatient now!

KINGS ON TOUR.

I saw King Edward, arriving at Calais one sunny afternoon, wave his hand to someone among the waiting group on the quayside and, as soon as the gangway was down, hurry forward with a smile and a warm greeting to take by the hand a little, dark, careful-looking man. It was Xavier Paoli, who has a more intimate knowledge of kings and queens than any other living man, and who has probably had more opportunities to observe and more intelligence in observing them than anyone has ever had, and who has now written a book¹ containing some impressions of his royal friends.

We are so much accustomed to read conventional nonsense about reigning kings and queens that we are apt to look with suspicion on a book devoted to studies of a dozen of the Sovereigns of our time. There is probably only one man living who could write such a book well; and he has written it. M. Paoli's principal work in life was about as curious a task as could be al-

lotted to any human being; it was to watch over the personal security of all royal personages travelling or staying in the country of France. It was an exceptional post, and it was filled by an exceptional man. No one who has ever seen, among a royal group chatting by the waterside at Calais or Cherbourg, that spare and distinguished figure, that lined and sallow countenance with the intelligent eyes and forehead, is ever likely to forget Xavier Paoli. He moved among them like a member of the family, himself a sovereign reigning over unseen armies, and perhaps the only man in Europe who in a sense also ruled the contemporary sovereigns of Italy, Russia, England, Spain, Holland, Belgium, Persia and Austria.

It is so much our habit to think of kings and queens as isolated individuals that it is highly amusing to meet a man who regards them as a class. Just as there is a small world of fashion at the head of every society in every town or metropolis, so at the head of social civilization there is a

¹"My Royal Clients." By Xavier Paoli. Translated by A. T. De Mattos. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1911. 12s. net.

small world of kings, queens, officials, favorites, and dependents; and in this world Paoli was and is a familiar figure. He might walk unknown and unnoticed in the Bois de Boulogne; but if he strolled across the golf links at Cannes he would probably be mobbed by sovereigns and grand dukes. His world is a very narrow one; he has, so to speak, a very local reputation; only kings and anarchists know him well. He was probably on as easy terms with anarchists as he was with the kings, but it was his business in life to keep his two sets of friends strictly apart.

It is a career which in the hands of a dull man, or a man who was nothing at all outside his function of special Commissary of Police, might have been dull and even sordid; but M. Paoli's intelligence made it human and interesting. When he was told that a sovereign was coming into France this little alert man would set his machinery working; his invisible army would be scattered about along railway lines, in hotels and palaces; the whereabouts of his friends the anarchists would be verified; woods and glens and solitary mountain walks and wide forests would be beaten out and searched; and, at the appointed hour, smiling M. Paoli, with an armful of papers and the latest gossip from Paris, would be standing on the quay at Calais or on the platform at Pontarlier, ready to welcome his royal guests into his territory. Most of us remember how, as children, holiday journeys taken regularly were associated with the personalities of certain people—a coachman, a boatman, the captain of a ship, or some other person who assisted in the miracle of our happy translation; and we remember with what a thrill of pleasure we recognized the same faces, and felt it so wonderful that, although we in the interval had been busy with other and different things, these people

were still at their posts. We associated them only with our periods of holiday and pleasure, and thought of them as of people continually engaged in doing agreeable things. In some such way, I imagine, must the sovereigns of Europe think of M. Paoli. France is their playground, journeys are holidays to them; they were always in good spirits when they saw M. Paoli, and, being a little childish in their ways, no doubt looked upon him as a kind of good genius whose presence meant change and amusement and freedom from the ordinary tiresome routine. It is thus, at any rate, that the reader sees him through the simple and attractive pages of his book—standing on windy platforms at desolate little frontier stations peering into the night to watch for the white head-light of a train, with his thoughts flying ahead along the endless tracks, seeing in imagination his faithful corps keeping watch and watch along the way, armed for the unexpected and prepared for the impossible.

He might easily have been a skeleton at these holiday feasts, a visible reminder to his clients of the risks of royalty. But he never was; he guarded them invisibly, his ugly machinery was kept well out of sight; and the sovereign who, against Paoli's express desire, took a solitary walk along a country road and spoke to a group of Italian navvies who were breaking stones, never realized that the navy in whom she took most interest, because of his apparent age and poverty, was in fact a detective inspector. Apparently all M. Paoli's work was done in the background, and those who saw him in public must have thought that his duties were merely to be an agreeable companion, to know the pleasantest walks, the monuments, and the objects of interest; to smooth the way where it was difficult, to keep annoyance far away, and to be able to grat-

ify, without apparent trouble, any whim of his royal friends.

The most striking portraits in this book are those of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria and the late King of the Belgians. The first is a perfect human study of a very charming and tragic figure—one of the few really human contemporary studies of a sovereign that I have ever read. The study of the King of the Belgians makes us long for more. We want an even fuller account of that highly intelligent, sardonic, selfish, and vicious old man, with his icy chaff and his simple bourgeois habits, "wearing a pair of goloshes over his enormous boots and a black bowler on his head, carrying in his hand an umbrella that had seen better days, and under his arm a bundle of yellow-backed books or a knick-knack of some sort packed up anyhow in a newspaper . . . haggling over a musty old tome at the corner of the Pont des Saints-Pères, and counting the money twice over before paying it." He was worthy of a full-length portrait; but I daresay that it is not for nothing that M. Paoli has won his reputation for discretion. King Leopold was the vagabond among kings, the only one of our time who really succeeded in kicking over all the traces and doing what he liked. It is only a pity that what he liked doing was not more interesting. For the official amusements of kings are not really very amusing; everything is presented to them officially; if they want to meet a certain type of man, an official representative of that kind is produced for them. This apparently even applies to beggars, as the following story of M. Paoli's shows:—

When they heard of King Edward's presence at Biarritz, numbers of needy people imagined that Heaven had sent them an unexpected windfall; and a regular swarm of beggars came down upon the town. Fearing lest the sov-

ereign should be importuned, I had them all sent away, with the exception of two old blind beggars, whose character was known to me and who were worthy of all pity. Regularly, whatever the weather, they posted themselves daily, at the time of the King's walk, on the road that led to the beach. As soon as they heard Caesar barking—the dog could never bring himself to tolerate them!—they held out their bowls; and each of them, with the sleeve of his coat, dusted the placard on his chest, inscribed, in big clumsy letters, with the time-honored formula, "Pity the poor blind." The King walked up to them, dropped a handsome alms in their respective trays, and said as he passed:

"Till to-morrow!"

Now it happened that one morning he saw only one of the blind men at the usual spot. Startled and fearing lest some accident had befallen the other—for he had gradually become accustomed to the sight of those faithful sentries—he made inquiries about the absentee. No one had seen him. The next day the second blind man was at his post again.

"Were you ill yesterday?" asked the King.

"No, monsieur le Roi."

"Then you were late?"

"Excuse me, monsieur le Roi, I beg your pardon," the old man answered, not knowing what to say. "You were early!"

The whole metaphysic of kings and beggars is contained in this story.

Judging from this book one would say that kings were a sober and orderly class of men, punctual, obliging, and good-tempered; fond of early rising, and of "transacting business at their desks"; given to curiosity and the asking of questions, "close students of human nature," but suffering from very limited material for their studies, with remarkable memories for the most unimportant details, and highly developed powers of summoning a smile to their faces on any and every occasion, and with a very touching and

whole-hearted affection for any kind and sympathetic independent human being, such as M. Paoli, whom they have the good fortune to come across. Their amusements, even when on a holiday, are singularly limited, and perhaps the most exciting of them is the amusement of buying things. When Muzaffr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia, was in Paris under the care of M. Paoli, his chief amusement consisted in buying masses of rubbish. The King of Kings, wearing more than a million pounds' worth of gems, would regularly every day, go down to the Rue de

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Rivoli and buy trayloads of sham jewels. When he was at the Exhibition he bought musical instruments, tapestries, table cutlery, a panorama, an "art nouveau" ring, and a case of pistols. His method of purchase was to touch an article, holding up his forefinger, and say, "Je prends." Poor Shah, to whom taking, and not giving, was the supremest pleasure!

But if "Je prends" is the motto of kings on their holiday, I think they would agree on bestowing on M. Paoli the motto "Je rends."

Filson Young.

THE IMPENETRABILITY OF POOH-BAH.

The books called "drawing-room books" are generally fashionable fakes; sometimes they are valued for their binding, sometimes even for their illustrations. Sometimes they are not opened at all; sometimes they are opened and are found to contain chessmen or draughts or packs of cards. But a real drawing-room book is provided in the elaborately illustrated re-issue of Gilbert's plays.¹ For Gilbert's plays are really discussed in drawing-rooms; in desperate cases they might even be read in drawing-rooms: which is by no means the case with the ornamental edition of Thomas à Kempis or Francis Thompson, which probably lies in the same place. And this edition of Gilbert's great Operas answers a domestic need. It is printed in that plain and open way which is proper to things that have to be sung rather than spoken; and spoken rather than read. It is helped with illustrations which, while they give glimpses of landscape of longer reach than the stage permits, still permit a certain stage magnificence.

¹ The Mikado: Iolanthe: Patience: The Pirates of Penzance. By W. S. Gilbert. Bell. 3s. 6d. net each.

Gilbert has triumphed as a humorist. It is not so certain that he has triumphed as a satirist. The man who says that the English are "a stupid people" either has no connection with England or too much connection with stupidity. Through all the ordinary channels by which a native fertility and inventiveness can be shown the English have shown themselves as a clever people; their legends and ballad literature (when they were allowed to have any) were spirited and lusty; their average of poets is high; their scientific discoveries have been numerous; and their wit is almost as wide as the whole people. But it is true that some special mental weakness paralyzes them, especially in their sense of the end and upshot of social satire. It is a strictly special weakness: it is not like the consistent darkness in the brain of a barbarian. It is rather like one of those blind spots on brilliant brains, like Swift's occasional attraction to anything that was nauseous, or Bernard Shaw's recoil from anything that is romantic. It is a curious power of enjoying the laughter without seeing what is being laughed at. They

like to hear a gun go off, as part of a festival. They do not even ask whether the gun was aimed at anything.

This is strangely exemplified in the two greatest humorists of the Victorian time, in Dickens, and in Gilbert. That the mistake did not arise out of the mere stupidity of the nation is easily shown. It is shown by the simple fact that Dickens and Gilbert were appreciated, adequately, often even exquisitely appreciated, in their function as artists. Thousands of Englishmen really relished like epicures that unalterable choice of words which made Dickens allow the nervous Mr. Magnus "a spectral attempt at drollery," when nine hundred and ninety-nine authors out of a thousand would have written "a ghostly attempt at drollery." Thousands of English readers did applaud like connoisseurs that verbal victory by which Gilbert was enabled to write "I'm awfully fond of that heavenly bond," when most of the mere children of men might have written "I thoroughly love that link with above," or anything else of the sort. The modern English gentleman did appreciate Gilbert's fun. He even appreciated it delicately. What he did not appreciate was the thing that Gilbert was making fun of; for the thing was himself.

Take, for the sake of a symbol, the case of *The Mikado*. In that play Gilbert pursued and persecuted the evils of modern England till they had literally not a leg to stand on; exactly as Swift did under the allegory of "Gulliver's Travels." Yet it is the solid and comic fact that *The Mikado* was actually forbidden in England for the first time, because it was a satire on Japan. The cannon had been fired point blank at us. The cannon ball simply rebounded. And we were earnestly concerned about whether the cannon would cannon and hit our Gallant Al-

lies. I doubt if there is a single joke in the whole play that fits the Japanese. But all the jokes in the play fit the English, if they would put on the cap. The great creation of the play is Pooh-Bah. I have never heard, I do not believe, that the combination of inconsistent functions is specially a vice of the extreme East. I should guess the contrary; I should guess that the East tends to split into steady and inherited trades or castes; so that the torturer is always a torturer and the priest a priest. But about England Pooh-Bah is something more than a satire; he is the truth. It is true of British politics (probably not of Japanese) that we meet the same man twenty times as twenty different officials. There is a quarrel between a landlord, Lord Jones, and a railway company presided over by Lord Smith. Strong comments are made on the case by a newspaper (owned by Lord Brown), and after infinite litigation, it is sent up to the House of Lords, that is, Lords Jones, Smith and Brown. Generally the characters are more mixed. The landlord cannot live by land, but does live as director of the railway. The railway lord is so rich that he buys up the newspaper. The general result can be expressed only in two syllables (to be uttered with the utmost energy of the lungs): Pooh-Bah.

It was, of course, precisely the same with Dickens. It is quite a mistake to suppose that Englishmen have only lately derided or dismissed the Party System. Dickens derided it in his early book "Pickwick"; refusing to make any distinction between Buifs and Blues. Dickens dismissed it in his late book "Little Dorrit," refusing to make any distinction between "Barnacle née Stiltstalking" and "Stiltstalking née Barnacle." All these plunging dagger-points seem to have remained pointless. Two towns in Suffolk still compete for the honor of be-

ing Eatanswill. In the law-courts, to this hour, Sergeant Buzfuz quotes Sergeant Buzfuz, amid general laughter: and Dickens is invoked by all the bought perjurers it was his purpose to destroy. As it was with Dickens, so it was with Gilbert, a smaller and more sneering, but an equally sincere man. In a song in *The Pirates of Penzance*, he practically called policemen The Eye-Witness.

cowards. England has remembered the tune, and forgotten the words. In a song in *Patience* he directly accused the crack regiments of being common dandies; in another song in *The Pirates* he says plainly that our warriors understand everything but war. All this has been taken with a terrible levity—because it is true.

G. K. Chesterton.

AN INFORMAL EVENING.

Dinner was a very quiet affair. Nobody drew my chair away from under me as I sat down, and during the meal nobody threw bread about. We talked gently of art and politics and things; and when the ladies left there was no booby trap waiting for them at the door. In a word, nothing to prepare me for what was to follow.

We strolled leisurely into the drawing-room. A glance told me the worst. The ladies were in a cluster round Miss Power, and Miss Power was on the floor. She got up quickly as we came in.

"We were trying to go underneath the poker," she explained. "Can you do it?"

I waved the poker back.

"Let me see you do it again," I said. "I missed the first part."

"Oh, I can never do it. Bob, you show us."

Bob is an active young fellow. He took the poker, rested the end on the floor, and then twisted himself underneath his right arm. I expected to see him come up inside out, but he seemed to be much the same after it. However, no doubt his organs are all on the wrong side now.

"Yes, that's how I should do it," I said hastily.

But Miss Power was firm. She gave me the poker. I pressed it hard on the

floor, said good-bye to them all, and dived. I got half-way round, and was supporting myself upside down by one toe and the slippery end of the poker, when it suddenly occurred to me that the earth was revolving at an incredible speed on its own axis, and that, in addition, we were hurtling at thousands of miles a minute round the sun. It seemed impossible in these circumstances that I should keep my balance any longer; and as soon as I realized this the poker began to slip. I was in no sort of position to do anything about it, and we came down heavily together.

"Oh, what a pity!" said Miss Power.

"I quite thought you'd done it."

"Being actually on the spot," I said,

"I knew that I hadn't."

"Do try it again."

"Not till the ground's a little softer."

"Let's do the jam-pot trick," said another girl.

"I'm not going under a jam-pot for anybody," I murmured to myself.

However, it turned out that this trick was quite different. You place a book (Macaulay's Essays or what not) on the jam-pot, and sit on the book, one heel only touching the ground. In the right hand you have a box of matches, in the left a candle. The jam-pot, of course, is on its side, so that it can roll beneath you. Then you light the

candle . . . and hand it to anybody who wants to go to bed.

I was ready to give way to the ladies here, but even while I was bowing and saying, "Not at all," I found myself on one of the jam pots with Bob next to me on another. To balance with the arms outstretched was not so difficult; but as the matches were then about six feet from the candle and there seemed no way of getting them nearer together the solution of the problem was as remote as ever. Three times I brought my hands together, and three times the jam-pot left me.

"Well played, Bob," said somebody. The bouncer had done it.

I looked at his jam pot.

"There you are," I said, "'Raspberry—1909.' Mine's 'Gooseberry—1911,' a rotten vintage. And look at my book, *Alone on the Prairie*; and you've got *The Mormon's Wedding*. No wonder I couldn't do it."

I refused to try it again as I didn't think I was being treated fairly; and after Bob and Miss Power had had a race at it, which Bob won, we got on to something else.

"Of course you can pick a pin out of a chair with your teeth?" said Miss Power.

"Not properly," I said. "I always swallow the pin."

"I suppose it doesn't count if you swallow the pin," said Miss Power thoughtfully.

"I don't know. I've never really thought about that side of it much. Anyhow, unless you've got a whole lot of pins you don't want, don't ask me to do it to-night."

Accordingly we passed on to the water-trick. I refused at this, but Miss Power went full length on the floor with a glass of water balanced on her forehead and came up again without spilling a single drop. Personally I shouldn't have minded spill-

ing a single drop; it was the thought of spilling the whole glass that kept me back. Anyway it is a useless trick, the need for which never arises in an ordinary career. Picking up *The Times* with the teeth, while clasping the left ankle with the right hand, is another matter. That might come in useful on occasions: as, for instance, if having lost your left arm on the field and having to staunch with the right hand the flow of blood from a bullet wound in the opposite ankle, you desired to glance through the paper while waiting for the ambulance.

"Here's a nice little trick," broke in Bob, as I was preparing myself in this way for the German invasion.

He had put two chairs together, front to front, and was standing over them—a foot on the floor on each side of them, if that conveys it to you. Then he jumped up, turned round in the air, and came down facing the other way.

"Can *you* do it?" I said to Miss Power.

"Come and try," said Bob to me. "It's not really difficult."

I went and stood over the chairs. Then I moved them apart and walked over to my hostess.

"Good-bye," I said; "I'm afraid I must go now."

"Coward!" said somebody, who knew me rather better than the others.

"It's much easier than you think," said Bob.

"I don't think it's easy at all," I protested. "I think it's impossible."

I went back and stood over the chairs again. For some time I waited there in deep thought. Then I bent my knees preparatory to the spring, straightened them up, and said,

"What happens if you just miss it?"

"I suppose you bark your shins a bit."

"Yes, that's what I thought."

I bent my knees again, worked my

arms up and down, and then stopped suddenly and said,

"What happens if you miss it pretty easily?"

"Oh, *you* can do it, if Bob can," said Miss Power kindly.

"He's practised. I expect he started with two hassocks and worked up to this. I'm not afraid, but I want to know the possibilities. If it's only a broken leg or two, I don't mind. If it's permanent disfigurement I think I ought to consult my family first."

I jumped up and came down again the same way for practice.

Punch.

"Very well," I said. "Now I'm going to try. I haven't the faintest hope of doing it, but you all seem to want to see an accident, and, anyhow, I'm not going to be called a coward. One, two, three . . ."

"Well done," cried everybody.

"Did I do it?" I whispered, as I sat on the floor and pressed a cushion against my shins.

"Rather!"

"Then," I said, massaging my ankles, "next time I shall try to miss."

A. A. M.

ENGLISH SONGS OF ITALIAN FREEDOM.*

Mr. George Trevelyan, above all living Englishmen, embodies the singular, perhaps really unique, spirit of political sympathy and affinity which has for more than half a century united England and Italy. No one has done so much to make it conscious of itself as he has done. By the help of his three volumes on Garibaldi the old both in Italy and England have lived again through their heroic youth, and the young have learnt the emotional thrill of a struggle absolutely untainted by self-interest of any kind, and untouched by economic considerations either of country or class. His special note as an historian is that which tries to give not merely the events, but also the spirit of the events; and that, of course, is the spirit of poetry, the best ally, provided it be only an ally, which an historian can have. So it is natural that, in finishing his own prose, he should turn back to the poetry which so evidently helped to inspire it. Hence, we suppose, this book which aims at collecting in one volume what

is best in the mass of English poetry provoked by the struggle for Italian liberty.

Mr. Trevelyan is a lover and believer in poetry and opens his introduction with a too well-founded regret that "the influence of poetry upon English life is smaller to-day than it was during the first eighty years of the nineteenth century." That is partly because we have no living poet whose greatness is universally recognized, and partly because the questions that fill the world of action to-day are questions not very amenable to poetic treatment. Alike in home and foreign affairs, the political mind is fixed to the economic point of view, and the securing of fresh markets for our exports will never appeal to the imagination as did the conquest of Canada or the resistance to Napoleon; nor will the attempt to raise a man's wages from twenty shillings to thirty, however right and important, ever be a poetic subject comparable to the struggle to deliver him from irresponsible tyranny and make him a free man, subject only to the laws accepted by a free people. Poetry, therefore, to-day stands, on

* "English Songs of Italian Freedom." Chosen and arranged with an Introduction by George Macaulay Trevelyan. (Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.)

the whole, aside. Except in occasionally inspiring the heroic side of Imperial feeling, as in Mr. Newbolt and sometimes in Mr. Kipling, or as in Mr. Watson still raising the cry of an oppressed people, it leaves politics alone.

But in the period covered by this volume it did exactly the reverse. The French Revolution made politics a universal interest; and in all its long history perhaps poetry has never been so political as it was between 1790 and 1870. Hardly any great poet except Goethe and Keats stood aside. All the rest, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Landor, the Brownings, Tennyson, Swinburne, Victor Hugo, Manzoni, Leopardi, Carducci, found in political subjects the inspiration of some of their finest poetry. And circumstances, especially after 1815, made the English poets think most of Italy. It was not merely the everlasting appeal that Italy must always make to the imagination—that, of course, rings all through this volume, in fifty famous phrases and passages: "Lone mother of dead Empires," "The Niobe of nations,"

Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."

Is it illusion? Or does there a spirit
from perfected ages,
Here, even yet, amid loss, change, and
corruption abide?

And her body most beautiful and her
shining head,

These are not here;

For your mother, for Italy, is not surely
dead:

Have ye no fear.

It is not even merely that the freedom and the Protestantism in the heart of England both went out to the "Italian fields where still doth sway the triple tyrant" of Milton's great sonnet which has not been included by Mr. Trevelyan, though it might, one would have thought, have well served as a kind of prophetic anticipation of the rest. Nor

was it solely due to classical education, love of Dante, or love of art; though it is true that Englishmen in those days meant a great deal by all the three answers Mrs. Browning supposes them to give to her question, "Now tell us what is Italy?" These were the great, deep-seated spiritual causes of English love of Italy. But, over and above them, reinforcing them with the vital energy of personal experience, was the curious accident that during the first half of the nineteenth century many distinguished Italian men of letters lived in England, and some of the greatest English poets lived in Italy. Ugo Foscolo, the Rossettis, Mazzini, Panizzi, and other Italians made England their home and Englishmen their friends; while Byron, Shelley, Landor, and the Brownings lived in Italy, and Keats and Clough, dying there and lying in Italian earth, won for their Roman and Florentine graves an eternal consecration in two of the noblest of English elegies. These accidents, in days when literature counted as a greater force than it does now, created a peculiar stream of personal affection between the two countries; and England loved Italy not for Virgil's sake only, or for Dante's or for Raphael's, but as the home, in life and in death, of some of her own noblest sons.

All these things made possible the outburst of poetic sympathy with the dreams and struggles of Italian freedom, which is recorded and gathered together in this book. The poems are preceded by an interesting introduction giving an historical sketch of the whole movement from the French Revolution to the entry into Rome, and, in particular, of the English attitude towards it. Each poem has also a short introduction of its own; and the book is concluded by some useful notes, chiefly explanatory of allusions to contemporary events and persons whom many

people will have forgotten or never known. The whole makes an interesting book for those who like to get collected into one volume all the best poetry representing a particular movement or phase of thought; and one may be certain that it will be found a delightful companion by many travellers in Italy this winter, and in other winters and springs to come.

The selection is, of course, Mr. Trevelyan's; which means that no reader will find it to be exactly what his own would have been. Some, for instance, will certainly regret that Shelley's magnificent "Ode to Liberty" was not given its place beside the "Ode to Naples," and will feel that it has at least as much claim to be here as the beautiful but not very political "Lines written among the Euganean Hills." Others who love Landor may think that his great memory would have been better served by omitting such a thing as the poor epigram on the French, "O wretched despicable slaves." No doubt it was inevitable that the poetic quality should vary considerably in the different poems. A whole volume made up of different authors cannot be kept at the level of the "Ode to Naples" or "Super Flumina Babylonis." But every one who cares for the poetry that inspires not only heroic thought but heroic action will find some of the very noblest here, the sort of poetry which he has always meant and means still to learn by heart, and more of it

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than he can learn this week or next. Shelley provides the very highest, no doubt, but Swinburne follows hard on him, and in greater abundance. The eight poems by him include, besides "Super Flumina Babylonis," such wonderful pieces as "A Song in Time of Order," "The Halt before Rome," the lines to Aurelio Saffi, and the dedication to Mazzini of "Songs before Sunrise." Byron is represented by his famous "Niobe" passage from "Childe Harold," by the "Ode on Venice," and by the stanzas beginning "When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home," which might perhaps have been better omitted. The "Italian in England" and "De Gustibus" stand very satisfactorily for Browning. There are some seventy pages of Mrs. Browning, perhaps of greater historical than poetic interest. The selection is completed by a long passage from Clough's "Amours de Voyage," giving a curious picture of life at Rome during the siege, by passages from Rogers and Mrs. Hamilton King, by several of Landor's short pieces, including part of his "Ode to Sicily," and finally by three of Meredith's poems, with the prose portrait of Mazzini from "Vittoria." The whole composes a fine record of the greatest and happiest moment in the relations between Italy and England, a poetic memorial of the noblest sort of sympathy, such as England may well be proud to have given and Italy to have received.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Filson Young's "The Wagner Stories" appears in a new and attractive edition from the press of Henry Holt & Co. To lovers of opera the book must prove a delightful companion; for in it the stories which Wagner used are retold most charmingly, with lyric trans-

lations by Eric Maclagan scattered here and there,—snatches of song which diversify and vivify the prose narrative. Readers of *The Living Age* are familiar with Filson Young's clever and brilliant style: in some of these stories he is he is seen at his best.

"The Wind Band," by Arthur A. Clapp, is a book for musicians, rather technical in details but most informing in every way, and presented with abundant illustrations to vivify the text. The writer at first goes back to ancient times and describes the wind-instruments then in use. Then he passes on to the civilized peoples of this modern world and takes up first the different "families" of music-making tubes, and studies minutely every well-known and little-known instrument in use. He closes with a brief review of the different savage tribes and their methods of producing melodies, such as their melodies are. The principles of acoustics, the evolution of each instrument, the practical uses and possibilities of a wind-band are all clearly covered. Henry Holt and Company.

In his introduction to "The Master," the author himself, G. M. Peters, anticipates the natural question why he has attempted to tell again the life of Christ. It has been his purpose, he asserts, to give the narrative once more for the sake of the average reader, not to interpret or discuss, but to put into modern style the story of the Gospels. In Mr. Peters's opinion, there is need for just such a re-telling which shall give natural sequence to the events of the original story, and trace mental processes and motives in such a way as to fill in much which appears as outline in the Scriptures. The manner is realistic and modern, and at the same time absolutely reverent. One is, of course, inclined to observe that in this, as in all other stories of Christ's life the author has discarded some detail which he considered unessential, and has chosen what seemed to him necessary. But his reasons for the positions which he holds are given in a full and scholarly manner in the appendix, and the book's central purpose

is not an exposition of the author's own views. Thus we have an account which is more nearly a translation into modern forms of the old story rendered with genuine sincerity. There will be many to whom this old time view of the Personality of Christ, given in a new manner, will be welcome and interesting. Fleming H. Revell Co.

When John L. Matthews, a reporter on one of the great Chicago dailies, decided with his bride on a honeymoon trip he hit on something exceedingly novel. The day of the wedding the youthful pair entered a "Shanty-boat"—in other words a drifting house boat, and, after being towed through the long canal to the Illinois river, rode slowly on that sluggish current to the Mississippi. Here they were borne rapidly along and, after many amazing and exciting adventures, reached the delta of that great river. Mr. Matthews paid his expenses with his pen and at times was distinctly "hard up"; but the joyousness of youth was his, and his bride's, so that nothing daunted them, nothing dismayed. Looking back through a vista of years, for he writes from a journal kept at the time, it all seems fun and frolic; all labor and discouragement have been wiped out by time if they ever existed. The book "The Log and the Easy Way" is written in a sprightly style and is extremely interesting. Small, Maynard and Company.

That most charming of all recent works on philosophy, Pres. William De Witt Hyde's "From Epicurus to Christ" has been re-issued under a title less striking but, as the author thinks, less "antiquarian" and is now "The Five Great Philosophies of Life." But by any other name it would smell sweet as a true rose of ethics, a brilliant setting forth of man's changing attitude towards religion and right-

eousness. The five philosophies are—"the Epicurean pursuit of pleasure, genial but ungenerous; the Stoic law of self-control, strenuous but forbidding; the Platonic plan of subordination, sublime but ascetic; the Aristotelian sense of proportion, practical but uninspiring; and the Christian Spirit of Love, broadest and deepest of them all." The last chapter has been re-written and as the viewpoint is changed, a more thorough and more subtle presentation of the thought of Jesus is gained. The lucidity of the author's style makes easy travelling over these somewhat obscure routes of ancient thought. The Macmillan Company.

Personality as revealed in a volume of familiar letters, is of unfailing interest, in addition to the comments on life found in this form of literature. "European Years," the familiar letters of a Bostonian living abroad, edited by George Edward Woodberry, covers the years from 1876 to 1905. The point of view taken is that of an idle man,—idle in the eighteenth century sense, we are informed, when the term was "destitute of reproach,"—and one who has leisure to regard all things dispassionately, and is interested in a variety of things which do not affect himself materially. We obtain glimpses of life in many European cities, and occasionally in cities of the East, but there are no formal descriptions. The writer is much at home in the atmosphere of travel and culture, and takes for granted a corresponding attitude of mind on the part of the one to whom the letters are addressed. Although in a sense voluntarily expatriated, the writer has an intensely American consciousness, and his intelligent grasp of contemporary American politics is highly valuable. Historically considered, the information gained here is significant. But, above all other considerations, the supreme interest is in

the personality which dominates all, broad minded, but not free from occasional endearing prejudices, cultivated but not academical, cosmopolitan but sympathetic with local interests. The book is wholly without pose or self-consciousness, and possesses an intrinsic literary flavor. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Forbes Lindsay's "Cuba and Her People of To-day" is a book of special interest to Americans because of the peculiarly close relations which exist between the island and the United States. It is we who, without seeking territorial or other advantage for ourselves, helped Cuba to its independence, intervened for the establishment of order and a republican form of government, and set the new order of things in motion. American capital and enterprise are now actively engaged in the development of the resources of Cuba; yet the average American knows comparatively little to-day about the characteristics of the Cubans or the resources and possibilities of the island. It is to the removal of this ignorance that Mr. Lindsay chiefly addresses himself. He does not neglect to give an adequate outline of Cuban history to the present time nor to describe the natural features of the island; but his chief concern is with the Cuban people of to-day, their limitations and their possibilities, their industries and prospects, their political condition and institutions, and the natural resources, agricultural and mineral, with which they have to deal. Mr. Lindsay is a candid though friendly critic. He does not disguise the shortcomings of the average Cuban of to-day: his indolence, his immorality, his indifference to high ideals, his ineptitude for self-government. Yet, though he does not venture far upon prophecy, his view of the future of the island and its people is hopeful. His book is thoroughly up

to date; and it fills a place in descriptive and economic literature hitherto vacant. Fifty full page illustrations from photographs add both to the attractiveness and the value of the volume. L. C. Page & Co.

In the case of so unique and gigantic a figure as Tolstoi, it is difficult to obtain a biography which is not saturated with the views and opinions of the author. Most of those who write of Tolstoi are either ardent followers or bitter enemies, and they project strongly upon their pages their own personalities and ideas, forcing the reader to their individual interpretations. A restrained, scholarly chronicle of the chief events in a great man's life, and a record of his mental and moral development as found in his own letters, journals, conversations, and literary work, are the most necessary and important factors of a biography which shall be truly valuable. Such a book has been added to the Tolstoi literature by Nathan Haskell Dole, who through his invaluable work as a translator of Tolstoi, is most fitted to become his biographer. The work is minute and accurate, and in most instances facts rather than opinions are given. In style and arrangement the volume is very readable. Mr. Dole does not attempt to interpret much in Tolstoi's life which can only be understood with the passing of time. He takes cognizance of the great man's faults and virtues alike. In one chapter, most conservatively, he gives his own estimate of the Russian's character and writings, and the appendix quotes the opinions of the greatest of Tolstoi's contemporaries. Surely it is the highest art in a biography,—this ability to

make the reader forget the author and perceive the subject only. Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

In the volume of "American Addresses" by the Hon. Joseph H. Choate (The Century Co.) are grouped twenty-two addresses delivered by Mr. Choate on various occasions in this country during the nearly half a century from 1864 to 1911. They are not only noteworthy as examples of fine oratory, but they are of great personal and historical interest by reason of the persons, scenes and events which they commemorate. Here, for instance, is the speaker's tribute to his kinsman, Rufus Choate, who gave him his first helpful impulse in his professional career; a tribute to one of the greatest of the heroes of the Civil War, Admiral Farragut; an address given at the opening of the great Metropolitan Sanitary Fair in New York, in the last critical year of the war; an address in which is embodied the report of the Committee of Seventy, which led in the splendid fight which broke up the Tweed ring, in 1871; an address delivered at the Harvard Commencement in the year of the agitation over Governor Butler's relations to the University; an address given at the Endicott celebration at Salem; tributes to Phillips Brooks, Dr. Storrs, Florence Nightingale and Charles Follen McKim; an address at the centennial of the Harvard Hasty-Pudding Club and several addresses touching upon various aspects of the legal profession. Here is a wide range of subject and occasion but all are marked by the rare qualities of thought and diction which have always characterized Mr. Choate's oratory.